THE MESSENGER

DECEMBER 1927

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The Messenger

New Opinion of the New Negro

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The MESSENGER is the recognized mouthpiece of the more advanced section of the Negro group in the United States. For ten years it has spoken intelligently and eloquently in behalf of organization of labor, white as well as black, believing, as it does, that the questions of wages, hours of work, safeguards on the job and proper representation of the worker, are the most important confronting the majority of the men and women, white as well as black, in the United States. For two years it has been the official organ of The Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters whose organization it espoused and whose battles it has consistently fought.

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The Messenger

New Opinion of the New Negro

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"YOUR BEST PEOPLE COME HERE"

By GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS STEWARD

In the city where I live theatre patrons of discernible pigmentation are limited to three sharply defined, equally unflattering choices in the pursuit of dramatic entertainment. They must either submit to segregation in a definitely unchanging portion of theatre seating space, enter by side or alley doors and ascend flight after flight of hard uncarpeted steps to the gallery, or they must remain away. Where they consent to segregation, and this is in every theatre where they are admitted at all, the space allotted is usually a part of the second floor, or balcony. As this space is always the same section, it in time comes to be known as "for colored people" or "the colored section," as surely Jim Crow as though posted in the franker southern manner, and as studiously avoided by whites and those who "pass" as one avoids a pestilence. In the gallery, which is democracy's uncushioned perch, the crowd mixes with complacent indifference, and the choice seats, if any, are for those who get there first. But that does not alter the fact that Negroes *must go* up to the gallery or be segregated, a fact which in itself is only a softened form of segregation, for they are refused such other seats in the theatre as their money and desire might decide.

There is at times a curious exception to this seating arrangement which merely accentuates the usual practice. Whenever a "colored show" is on the boards, the assigned seating space for Negro patrons is largely increased. The entire balcony may be thrown open to them, or they may be admitted to a rigidly delimited but greatly extended portion of the balcony. For some superlatively attractive and highly advertised revue an entire side of the main floor may be also surrendered. But when the "colored show" leaves town, the "colored section" automatically shrinks to its former proportions.

It would seem that rather than voluntarily endure this public humiliation and pay for that experience in the bargain, Negroes would as one man always act on the third choice. But where Negroes remain away from any theatre in the city in question, it is mainly because that particular theatre declines absolutely their patronage. And this is true of several of the finer movie houses and better type vaudeville theatres.

This condition is not only true of this particular city. It can be duplicated in many cities, North, South, East and West. The increasing encounters colored theatregoers have with impudent or apologetic ushers, the recent embarrassment of a well-known Negro singer, the recurring abortive legal tests here and there throughout the country, all indicate that this unreasonable custom is not confined to any particular geographical limits, but is screamingly American. In the South it is definite, hard, legal. Elsewhere, while still unsupported by statute, it is gradually crystalizing by force of usage into a stony rule not unlike the South's adamantine regulation.

Recognizing this, then, as a general American situation two questions concerning it present themselves. (1) What produces it? and (2) how remedy it?

In considering what factors combine to create this almost universal American insistence upon seating folks of certain skin color in limited areas in theatres, it will be the purpose of this brief study to disregard completely those which may be said to base themselves in the racial prejudice of white people, or can be referred to its implications. In other words this paper contemplates complete omission of notice of the white man's part in producing this situation. That has been, and is constantly being set forth. Rather it is here intended to emphasize just one powerful aid in bolstering up the custom, an aid supplied by the Negroes themselves, an aid without which the custom would with difficulty endure. It is that colored people themselves accept the entire debasing practice with its plain inference of their inferiority, accept it uncomplainingly, even willingly, gladly paying for the dubious privilege in both hard earned coin and self-respect.

There will, of course, be persons to deny that Negroes, particularly "the better class" —how we like to anaesthetize ourselves with that stupefying phrase, "the better class!"—thus join in promoting their own abasement. It is true that in their homes, in their clubs, fraternities and churches, in self-constituted uplift groups, in chance meetings they talk about and talk over it, sometimes with passionate oratorical gyrations that churn their auditors' emotions into a whirlpool of contradictions, of indignation or pugnacity, of solving and resolving, of lamentation or threatening. But in the number pressing to get into the very next performance will be some of those very talkative, wildly gesticulating individuals of the "better class" laughingly anticipating their pleasant two hours in the gallery or in the marked-off balcony area.

In illustration of this statement that Negroes do complacently help fix the status of theatre seating now in vogue, take the following incidents, one happening in the North, the other in the South.

In a typical Northern city there is a prominent social club composed of that brand of Negroes who like the title of leader. The name of this group proclaims it as hightoned and exclusive, gives it a tantalizing lure to the would-be socially prominent. This aggregation spends its energies largely and quite frankly in gastronomics, calisthenics and the uproarious exchange of salty personal experiences in which pungent salacities masquerade as wit. These occupations alternate with a stated intellectual excursion when some local white Babbitt is invited to advise them how to behave in order to win the coveted regard of the superior white world. Sporadically this club breaks out with an acute attack of racial-betterment hives. The itch thereof is so tormenting that relief is obtained only by planlessly dabbling into any civic matter which at the moment glaringly disadvantages the Negro. It is reported that on one occasion a committee from this body interviewed their local theatre managers and lessors with regard to the seating of Negroes in theatres. In some instances they met with curt rebuffs, in others with excuses and the usual hypocritical deploring of the business necessity of a policy of

segregation or exclusion, but which "you know I am powerless to alter, I am only one and while personally I do not object, you know that so long as the others do it, I have to, my patrons would not stand for any change, etc., etc., etc." In time they came to the manager of a prominent house in the city which advertises first rate entertainment of legitimate drama and musical comedy. When the committee made known their complaint, they were set back with a retort somewhat like this: "Why, your best people come here. Dr. A, Mr. B and wife, Prof. C and Mrs. D (naming several well known Negroes, some of them members of the very hightoned club which had commissioned these wandering gentlemen to make the inquiries) come here and say nothing, have been coming for years. I don't see where you fellows have any kick." In addition it has recently been said that the present manager of this same house boasted that his was the only theatre in the city which treated "you people" decently. He said this, too, when refusing some near-whites the privilege of occupying the seats their tickets indicated. Did these persons protest? They quickly accepted the proffered return of the money they had paid for the seats they wanted and hied themselves to the side door and gallery to the seats they could get, and with the mob lost themselves in enjoyment of the play, immediately oblivious of the galling indignity just suffered, but emerging from the theatre to remember hotly the manager's conduct and to rehearse it hotly next day to their sympathizing and heat-engendering friends.

The point of all this is that if "the best people" accept the custom gladly, repeatedly, the common herd should be becomingly grateful merely to be allowed to buy their own humiliation.

Consider this second illustration. There is in a southern state a school for Negroes located about forty miles from the nearest large city. People desiring to attend the theatre must either motor the two score miles or go by train. Because of the disagreeable Jim Crow car laws patrons from the school almost invariably motor. In the city in question, as in most southern cities, the circumstances under which Negroes may see a play are notoriously more irritating than in a northern town. Admission is regularly to the gallery only, and usually to certain seats there, often the rear ones. "The Colored Entrance" is frequently in the alley ,and sometimes for Negroes the gallery seats are accessible only via the outside fire escape. Nevertheless, teachers in the school mentioned have made up "theatre parties," the women clothing themselves in "opera" finery and the men donning their best, and have traversed the forty miles, willingly mounted the back stairs to dazzle their less opulent fellows in the Jim Crow section of the gallery with their shimmering silks and jewels. And the next day they have returned to the school to gush superiorly to their co-workers about the "wonderful time" they had, and the "wonderful show" they saw, never for a minute conscious that the entire experience was a deep humiliation, nor that the money paid was subscribed to their own degradation. And, incidentally, no inkling of inconsistency of conduct in avoiding the insult of the Jim Crow cars while happily taking the insult of Jim Crow gallery seats has dampened the ardor of their recital. As the above cited expert in psychology put it, "your best people come here; what's your kick?"

Illustrations like this could be multiplied indefinitely. These two should suffice to demonstrate plainly that one of the chief factors in establishing this originally American custom is the fact that Negroes themselves accept it.

Now those of "the best people" who do accept this are usually well fortified with argument for doing so. And their argument is not without weight. In the first place, they say, all people have a natural and legitimate craving for amusement. The American Negro, due to inhibitions acquired after generations of training in the straiter religious denominations and to restrictions laid on him from without by racial animosity, finds that craving greatly intensified with the outlet for its relief greatly damned. Shall he, then, when opportunity offers, even though that opportunity be wed to humiliation, deny himself?

Again, they argue, in America more and more the Negro is being thrust back upon himself culturally, with consequent spiritual stunting and deformity, approaches to modern civilization's aesthetic wealth being constantly closed to him. Isn't it therefore better to crawl under Dives table and snatch what crumbs of culture one can than starve? Isn't it better to feed one's spirit in almost intolerable degradation than not to eat at all?

Finally, they ask, is it worth while to give up the real pleasure even these half-experiences mean, to renounce their undeniable educational and spiritual profit for a principle scarcely realizable in any time short of the millenium and therefore of doubtful worth?

In other words, to sum up their argument, Negroes are justified in gratifying their desire for entertainment even though they are insulted in doing so; otherwise they surrender very definite cultural advantages for a mere contention of dubious validity. Thus they accept the situation and argue themselves into justification of their conduct. But this, their acceptance, is the big factor in perpetuating the condition, and brings up the second question, what is the remedy. Here again there will be no mention of what white people may or should do to remove this difficulty. Rather what steps Negroes should take to eradicate it is the concern of what immediately follows:

In order the more clearly to discover this, it may be well first to indicate what is not to be done. Among the schemes that need not be tried is the boycott, if by the boycott it is hoped to exert the sort of financial pressure that compels change. American theatres are all too well patronized by those whose supposed susceptibilities are protected by segregating blacks, so that the slight revenue withdrawn by any Negro boycott would be entirely negligible. As a means of pressure the boycott is useless, as no financial distress of offending theatre managers, with consequent inquiry into its cause, would result.

Nor is the separate theatre a solution. While this move would meet in time all the arguments at present advanced by the Negro who submits to the condition, it must be at once evident that it would only tend to widen the cultural breach between whites and blacks and render impregnable the position of those who now insist on keeping Negroes apart in theatres. Moreover, granted that Negroes have or could get the money with which to reproduce the world's histrionic masterpieces and marvels, separate theatres would be furthering the present tendency to confine the Negro culturally to his own group, would be helping to build up in American civilization a separate Negro culture, a thing undesired and undesirable so long as the Negro wishes to remain American.

Continuous fight for all the rights of all American citizens as granted by our Constitution is a way towards a cure. This is best accomplished by organization, with definitely planned propaganda in press, lecture room and legislative lobby. Connected with this fight there should be a continual stream of test cases in the courts, ably handled by lawyers whose reputations demand consideration, using every possible means of publicity meanwhile to focus the world's attention on the rank injustice, the intolerable disgrace the practice involves, and in time subjecting the habit to a fire which no prejudice, no matter how insulated, can withstand the world's ridicule. In states where adequate equal-rights legislation already exists, constant effort to enforce it should be the primary concern. In states where such legislation does not exist, there should be unceasing demand for passage, with enforcement the next consideration.

But since the primary cause of the entire anomaly is the Negro's acceptance of it, it follows that the most important step he can take towards abolishing it is to stop accepting it. And while the boycott is meaningless as a lever with which to lift the white man's prejudice, it will be found to be a powerful force in educating Negroes to appreciate themselves as human beings deserving human consideration, in educating them in the worth of personality to the point where they will refuse the humiliation of the segregated seat. Wholesale rejection of the entire idea would immediately follow. When once Negroes are sufficiently aroused to abandon their present ignoble conduct of paying for their own degradation, to insist on receiving the same treatment, neither more nor less, as is accorded others, organized effort for their rights under the constitution, and for the passage and enforcement of equal-rights laws will be mere matter of course.

There is one other element in a suggested remedy. It is an important one, and could be the decisive one. It can be best brought out by an illustration. In the downtown section of a midwestern city is a recently-erected, costly playhouse, one of a series controlled by interests which have leased from a black fraternity a house which newspapers announced would be devoted to the exclusive patronage of Negroes. In the downtown theatre no discoverable Negro is admitted. Now it happens that one of my black friends owns stock in this lily-white downtown institution. It is an old saying that money talks, but if it is to talk availingly it must have a powerful and persuasive voice. Obviously if numerous other Negroes owned stock in the same theatre, they could make the demand for equal admission of all Negroes a very uncomfortable claim to human treatment. Inci-

(*Continued on page 362*)

SO IT GOES

By GEORGE W. LITTLE, JR.

There was a sharp complaint of brakes and a taxi stopped before the guadily painted entrance of a tiny and disreputable looking cabaret. A sign, bearing the name of The Green Butterfly, with a monster of nature, crudely painted upon it, bore out the title, and, through the half-opened double doors streamed an oblique blade of yellow light.

The taxi driver opened the door and a man and woman descended. The man paid the fare and, taking his companion's arm, assisted her through the partly opened doorway.

To effect an entrance it was necessary to descend a flight of wooden steps. A medley of noises reached them—the discordant but rhythmic sound of the orchestra, the voices of the patrons, an occasional clink of glasses. The smell of Chinese food, cheap incense and tobacco smoke floated up.

They entered. The dim lights accentuated the heaviness of the atmosphere. Everything was cheap and tawdry, even the dim lights failed to hide the fact that one was in a cellar and not a snug and gay retreat.

Black and yellow waitresses, painted and rouged like courtesans and dressed in black with tiny white aprons about their waists, flitted here and there, administering to the wants of the patrons.

The couple secured a seat near the orchestra and gave their order. The woman faced the players and the man hitched his chair in a position so that he might view them by turning his head.

The woman was very pretty, but there was nothing virginal about her beauty. She had removed her hat and her sleek, black-bobbed hair assumed a bluish sheen beneath the lights and made a marked contrast to the pallor of her face. Her brow was low and broad, while her eyes, large and dark brown, were fringed with lashes of exceptional length. Such eyes; they looked upon the world knowingly, yet with a wistful brooding, generated by unsatisfied longings. Her nose was straight and slightly retrousse, diminishing what might have been a severe regularity of features. Her lips, full and red, were drawn into a suggestion of a pout, beneath was a rounded and well moulded chin. All in all it was a face both intellectual and sensual. The faint and hardly perceptible lines between the nostril and the corner of the mouth, the wistful look about the eyes, told of one who had not found contentment; a seeker of thrills and sensations; one who lusted after the ultimate in pleasure and had not found it. She pressed her hands over her hair and smoothed it down.

The man was florid and prosperous looking. A young man with an embryonic paunch which should belong to middle age. His blond hair was brushed back and carefully groomed. His features were monotonously regular. He had the face of a man who took pleasure in large draughts and enjoyed it. His blue eyes sparkled with merriment, and when he laughed he revealed two rows of white and even teeth. He was a healthy and happy animal, well pleased with himself and the world.

An entertainer sang a song about summertime and Caroline, in a voice once sweet, now hoarse from bad gin and misuse. A young lady at the next table, one whom God had never intended to be dashing and debonair, relieved her tortured entrails of a ginger ale cocktail, lately consumed, and pursued a wavering course to the ladies' rest room assisted by her hardier companion. A negro patron, somewhere in the back corner, cleaned his table of glasses and bottles by the simple expedient of brushing them to the floor.

A well thewed bullet-headed-brownskinned man, who moved about with feline grace in spite of his bulk, approached the hilarious patron so bent on destroying the glassware and, in a quiet tone, suggested that he leave.

The offender laughed foolishly then, mistaking the soft toned request for timidity, voiced an indignant refusal. The bullet-headed man's tone became even softer and purred, catlike.

"Won't you please leave now?" he asked.

"Hell, no. I spent my money here and I ain't going nowhere."

"But you must—"

"Don't say 'must' to me, nigger—who the hell are you, anyhow?"

"I'm the, ah, manager. C'mon now—"

"I don't give a damn who you are—"

At this juncture the self-styled manager grasped the unruly one firmly by the clothes, just below the neck, and jerked him to his feet. Humbled to disgrace, the offender countered by wildly swinging his fists. The manager held him at arm's length, dodging such blows that threatened him, yet backing him all the while toward the door, over which were printed the letters, "WELCOME." A few more steps, a shove, and the offender was breathing curses on the fresh morning air.

"Larry, do you think it's safe in here?" the black haired lady with the wistful eyes asked.

"Yes. Don't let that little episode bother you, Thelma. Niggers are always fighting about something or other."

"Well, I don't mind how much they fight, so long as the place isn't raided."

"No danger. You see that fellow who just threw the drunk out? Well that's Bob Trillion, boss of 'little Africa' and he controls the votes in this section. Besides this place he has two gambling houses and a dance hall. That fellow in the orchestra, the one playing the banjo, is his son, used to be in the glee club at college, got expelled, took up prize fighting and now he's a musician. Quite a character. I know him quite well, in fact we knock about once in a while, when I feel like slumming."

Thelma looked at the son with interest. He was long legged, which promised tallness, very athletic in appearance although the demands of an irregular life had left their marks in the form of prominent cheek bones and faint shadows about the eyes. He was light brown in color. He had a well modeled head, level brow, beneath which glowed fine brown eyes, full of fire and intelligence. His nose was straight and well shaped; his lips, though full and sensuous, were well moulded and his square jaw ended in a firm chin. His black wooly hair was cut close and brushed back. There was hardly anything to suggest he was a prize fighter except probably his jaw and the square shoulders.

The incident of the ejection had been the cause of much merriment; many of the spectators commenting on the manager's technique and once again the hum of low speech and the clink of glass against glass was heard. Returning from the door the manager had taken his station near the kitchen, standing with arms folded, an air of complacence covering his watchful eyes.

The orchestra struck up a haunting fox trot. Beneath the piercing crescendos of the clarinet, the mournful wail of the saxophone, the snappy and precise jangle of the banjo and the clear tones of the cornet, ran the throbbing rhythm of the tom-tom. Couples appeared on the small dancing space spasmodically. With the piece half through, the orchestra became lost in its own rhythm. They became ecstatic; their bodies swayed and they expressed their mood with their instruments. No director was needed: grace notes, obligatos, new rhythms, all issued from the player's souls. They played that brand of music that the keen brain of the white man has never been able to capture and transcribe into little black notes.

The rhythms' contagion spread to the supple bodies of the dancers. Porters, housemaids, bus boys, janitors, laborers, prostitutes, forgot themselves as they interpreted this rhythm with their swaying arms and limbs.

The couple at the table were stirred by a strange exultation, a maddening restlessness. They watched the scene with fascination. They forgot the cheap and tawdry surroundings; they forgot these people were inferior and despised; they forgot that Nordics could feel like these, under the sway of the persistent tom-tom. The cries, the swaying and the utter abandonment of the dancers was an expression of their own souls. That they had not learned to portray with outward signs.

Thelma watched the banjo player as he worked his body jerkily, to the rhythm, as his fingers of his left hand leaped from fret to fret, and his right struck the strings in tantalizing syncopated movements. Suddenly, as if he had extracted all the melody possible from his instrument, and further playing was utterly useless, he laid it aside and caught up a small megaphone. Then, with a deliciously long "Ah-h-h-h" he sang:

"If I should take a notion,
To jump into the ocean,
'Taint nobody's business if I do—"

He threw his hand out and snapped his fingers as if in contempt of worldly opinions, conventions or anything else. He acted as he sang, albeit unconsciously. His clear and strong voice rose above the orchestra's playing. Each verse was more suggestive and ribald than its predecessor and the dancers joined their voices with his. Thelma gazed at him intensely. How he sang!

What abandon, how clearly did the song express her feelings! She felt drawn toward the singer, as though they had something in common.

The music ended. The spell broke off and the hum of conversation began anew.

"Fine music," Larry ventured.

"Wonderful," Thelma leaned across toward him. "I'm glad you brought me now."

"Yes, coon orchestras seem to get more out of jazz than any others. Did you notice how they seem to lose themselves? It seems so original, like they can't help it a bit."

"Uh huh," Thelma agreed. "Do you think that fellow that sang was good?" she asked.

"You mean Bob. I'll say. His voice is better now than it was in school."

"I should like to meet him," Thelma said, impulsively.

"He's so unusual."

Larry turned and beckoned to young Bob who was looking at him curiously. He arose and came to them.

"Hello, Larry."

"How's everything, Bob?"

"Fine. Feel good after last night?"

"As well as can be expected. Just a slight headache."

"That could be a lot worse, eh?"

"Yes. Meet my lady friend, Bob. Miss Lyons, Mr. Trillion."

"Glad to meet you, Miss Lyons. I hope you are enjoying yourself."

"Yes, very much so, indeed. I enjoyed your singing very much."

"If I had known that I were to give you a sample of my singing I should hardly have selected the piece I sang. Perhaps you would like to hear me sing something special?"

"I would appreciate it, Mr. Trillion. Suppose you sing your favorite song."

Young Bob returned to the orchestra stand and motioned the pianist from his bench. After a few preliminary chords and arpeggios he started the air of Burleigh's "Jean."

Superb music written by a Negro and played by a Negro. The sentiment, the melody, the intricate harmony overwhelmed Thelma after the first verse. He sang to her and his glance, as it met hers, outsped the words he sang and betrayed a desire that he dared not speak.

Repress it as she would Thelma felt an answering thrill. Back in her mind, vague and yet unformed, was an idea that she would enjoy his company!

The song finished. Thelma sought to engage her companion in a conversation, and withhold her gaze from the singers', but he could not help but notice the emotion she betrayed.

"These coons have a remarkable effect on you," Larry dryly offered.

"Yes the song was wonderful," Thelma returned, "I was certainly moved by the sentiment."

"You have developed a keen artistic taste rather suddenly. The recital last Thursday did not affect you like this. In fact you said sentimental music bored you."

"Thank you for discovering another virtue in me. As far as my likes and dislikes are concerned, they are subject to change. At present I dislike your attitude. You are spoiling what might have been a very pleasant evening. I would appreciate you taking me home at once."

He became penitent. She remained obdurate. On the way home she was cold and left him uncertain when she would allow him to call.

Larry was the most persistent of her admirers. Her attitude toward him was one of companionship, his attitude toward her was one of devotion. At times she felt that she would marry him. Then again she felt disgusted with him, for he could not furnish the excitement that her temperament required.

In the quiet of her room the vague idea initiated in the cabaret, began to take on life. She recalled the events of the evening: Once again she heard the music whose rhythm engendered restlessness—it throbbed in her brain—it took possession of her senses. She heard the seductive tones of the singer, she recalled his glances—the demand to see him again became imperative. She would go alone—she would experience the thrill again and then tire of it, much as she had done other passing fancies. Then again, in the morning she might have forgotten the whole business. The desire might be gone as so many other flitting desires vanished.

The telephone at her beside awakened her with its persistent chang. She took down the receiver.

"Hello, Thelma, this is Larry. How are you this morning?"

"Oh, I'm feeling fine but I'm not out of bed yet. How are you?"

"Well, as far as my health is concerned, I'm all right, but I feel bad at heart for the way I acted last night. Won't you forgive?"

"Why yes, Larry, I had almost forgotten the incident. It was nothing—no harm done, old dear," whereupon the voice at the other end of the wire took on a new vivacity:

"Say, I'm so glad, Thelma. Listen, Mamie is giving a party at her new place the day after tomorrow and from what I know of her crowd it certainly won't be tame. Would you like to go?"

Thelma laughed a low mellow "Let me see," using her womanish wiles to make the answer she was going to make from the first, since she just couldn't refuse, more delightful, through suspense. "Larry? Yes, I'll manage to go, somehow. What time?"

"I'll be around about ten o'clock. Now I'm feeling much better for I thought you might be angry and I couldn't stand that, you know." He raised his voice as he said "that," meaning to make her feel his own intense emotion over her state of being.

"Larry, you should take more exercise, you're growing fatter and getting sentimental. But I'm glad you feel better. Well," she paused for a whole minute, humming a tune remembered from the last evening, "well, I'll see you at ten then; I feel like a second nap so goodbye."

"Goodbye, Thelma. Thelma?—Thelma—" but the other end was dead and the late inspirationalist hung up with a little flare of temper.

Mamies' party was reaching the point where there was much talk and laughter about nothing: where couples were disappearing or seeking dark corners and where the victrola was allowed to run even after the record was finished—the punch bowl had been emptied three times and now stood deserted in its last emptiness.

A glow had spread over Thelma, a sense of some aching desire that both the punch bowl and several brands of hip-flask-contents did not relieve. Larry was maudlin; he could never drink much without becoming weakly sentimental. They were seated on a divan, out of range of the floor lamp, the only illumination the room offered. She allowed him to murmur incoherently in her ear, squeeze her waist and sigh, all at scheduled intervals, while she watched the roysterers, who, even under the influence of drug store gin, didn't abandon themselves. Their actions seemed stereotyped, as if something were lacking.

Suddenly she thought of the night at the cabaret, and with the thought came the desire to return. She turned impulsively to Larry to find him seeking consolation in sleep. A wave of disgust passed over her. Unobserved she secured her wrap and left the house.

Outside, with a bit of breeze blowing up the river-avenue, she hailed a passing cab and flopped into the wide single seat.

"Where to, Lady?" the cab man pushed the flag down with his elbow.

"The Green Butterfly," Thelma almost regretted her decision, but as the cab man nodded his head unquestionably and shot his vehicle crosstown, she resigned herself to the even clicking of the meter and watched as the swirl of trees turned into business houses then in turn became sordid squalid shacks.

The lethal beverage that is the outcome of that assertive piece of legislation known as prohibition, has one notorious characteristic: That of producing intoxication spontaneously, sometimes violently. The drinker goes about for a while in a mild and pleasant form of stimulation, then, like a flash, he becomes drunk, inhibitions gone, he is left at the mercy of his senses. Thelma had reached this stage as she entered the cabaret.

Her entrance caused a stir among the waitresses and patrons. One of the former led her to a table near the orchestra. Two youths in their teens, with floppy collegiate trousers and crumpy hair well oiled and greased, ogled her trim ankles covertly and avidly.

To her excited brain everything was a whirl of activity. She looked eagerly toward the orchestra. Young Bob smiled and nodded and she rewarded him with a burning glance.

A dance piece was played—her order came and she sipped an iced drink that steadied her reeling senses. She had a feeling of comfort mingled with expectancy. Bob did not sing and she was bothered with a little disappointment. After the music ended he came to her.

"Miss Lyons, how are you? This is a surprise!" Bob exclaimed.

"So, so, Mr. Trillion, won't you have a seat?"

He accepted her invitation and thrilled as she remembered his name.

"I see you haven't forgotten my name," he began.

"Nor you mine," Thelma smiled.

"One only forgets the unpleasant," Bob offered.

"That is true. Why didn't you sing that last number?" she asked abruptly.

"Oh, I'm temperamental. I must have inspiration."

"In a bottle?"

"Well, sometimes, but I have a secret premonition that my best work comes from inspiration by way of feminine beauty, brunettes preferred—" he waited the outcome of this bold remark somewhat anxiously.

She was pleasantly thrilled and replied smilingly:

"If I were so bold as to think I might offer any inspiration—I should become quite vain."

"You are making fun of me while I am quite serious," Bob replied in a hurt tone.

"Really I'm not—"

"Then I must say that you have made me feel quite happy and I shall sing better than before," he looked at her boldly. He permitted his eyes to feast on her lips, her throat, the pallor of her skin, the hidden curves of her shoulders. His nostrils dilated and a pulse beat in his temples: he would risk losing her: "I should like to sing for you alone. I know of a place not far from here where we can go. I'll admit it's very unconventional, but nothing interesting comes from being conventional. Besides, with a little discretion no one will be the wiser."

She hesitated. Bob watched her eagerly but managed to control the desire that, in its expectancy, made him tremble as if cold.

"It would be an adventure—" she muttered, breathing partly fast but rather jerkedly, her senses reeling from the gin and the hot atmosphere. "Meet me outside after this next piece. I'll have a cab waiting a little ways up the street from the entrance."

He left her before she could change her mind. The two youths at the table cast envious glances at his retreating figure.

The door of the cab slammed and they whirled down the street. As the driver swerved the auto about the corner she was thrown against Bob yet she did not draw away; a pleasing languor pervaded her. Taking advantage at once, Bob slipped his arm about her waist and with his other he turned her face toward him. He kissed her, once, twice, pressing her lips to his with such ardor as to cause her pain. She gave a faint moan of resistance and then subsided to the comfortable position against him.

The cab stopped and they descended while she clung to his arm and rested her head against his shoulder. They stood before a shabby two story brick building and he led her into a dimly lit hallway to a flight of steps that creaked and sighed under their footsteps. Then to a door that opened as they shoved against it.

Bob half lifted her into the next room and switched on the light. From the center of the ceiling hung an ornate bronze chandelier. The room was done in red and gold tones and the walls were covered with material resembling damask. A heavy Chinese rug partly covered the hardwood floor into which a marble nymph with a great rosewood base cast a reflected image of herself. A luxurious divan covered in profusion with many multi-colored cushions occupied one corner of the snug retreat, and directly opposite, a baby grand piano flung back all the light of the room in streaks of reddish flashes. The exotic splendor of the room became more noticeable after the trip from the street, for the shabbiness of the dwelling from the outside and the cold damp hallway repulsed the visitor with as much success as the interior of the room invited.

He placed her on the divan and knelt beside her, covering her face and neck with kisses. She felt the vestige of her resistance slipping from her and fought a losing battle for her composure.

"Play for me; sing to me," she gasped, still playing for time to collect some of her reeling senses.

"I hate to leave you that long, but I must keep my promise," he replied as he arose and made his way to the piano.

She watched and listened with half shut eyes while, within her, the remaining barriers of previous training and prejudices weakened before the furious onslaught of her desires.

* * *

Back at the party, Larry aroused himself into the realization that Thelma was not sitting beside him. He looked about, but the dimness of the room permitted him to see nothing but fleeting forms. Finally, reeling to his feet with a lurch he made a futile search everywhere. Thelma's wraps were gone—everyone he asked seemed to have interests of their own and paid no attention to him as he explained his girl's absence. His heart turned over when he realized what a blunder he had made, and rushing out to the street and saw the tail end of a taxi whisk around the corner and disappear. She was going home. Home, well, he could intercept her and explain. But how? He looked about for a cab but none appeared so he ran to the corner. Thank God! there was a taxi.

Giving Thelma's address to the driver he pitched himself on the seat with a "Drive like Hell," to the man at the wheel. Three minutes later they drew up before Thelma's home. Larry looked up at the dark windows and guessed he had arrived too soon.

"We'll wait for a while," he said to the driver and, lighting a cigaret he paced up and down the sidewalk, rehearsing what he would say to her, over and over again.

Five minutes passed—she could have been home easily by this time even after taking her time. Larry's rusty mental machinery began to grind and he struggled with the problem of where she might have gone. In all he could only think of two places, and they were hardly possible at this time of night and she without an escort.

He went to both of them and returned disheartened to Thelma's darkened home. Well, he could call her up. That was it: he would try the telephone. Taking a short cut from the residential section, the driver swept past Little Africa.

"Wait," Larry cried to the man and the cab swerved to the curbstone. The drugstore was crowded with loitering workers of questionable occupations, as most Negro drugstores are, but Larry pushed through the crowd to the phone booths in the rear, fumbling the while for some change.

Two Negro youths, with baggy collegiate trousers and crumpy well greased hair were speculating over some episode of the evening in loud wondering tones.

"Boy, if anyone would have told me that Young Bob could have made that fay broad so quick I would have called him a liar." one said to the other, then he slapped his thigh and repeated, "yes sir, a big two faced liar."

Larry hesitated before closing the door as he heard his old friend's name as the second one added in a world-wise tone:

"Humph, white women ain't so hard to make, but that one was real pretty, she looked like one of those swell broads. Pretty black bob and pretty laigs, and son, those eyes were just too bad."

They both laughed and the first one offered "I bet Bob took her to the Castle," and they laughed again with sly winks interspersing their fun.

"Yeah, I know it's thirty-eight and too bad now."

Larry shut the door and asked for his number. A sort of sickening fear gripped his middle and he tried to explain it away. The description of the woman was vague, yet it was not unlike Thelma. She, of course, wouldn't do anything so unheard of, yet he remembered her apparent interest in Bob that night.

"They don't answer," the voice of the operator informed Larry. He returned to his cab with a horrible suspicion tearing his logic to pieces.

"Where to, sir?" the cab driver asked with respect increasing as the figures mounted on the meter.

Larry hesitated and then gave an address near the Castle. He paid the driver and walked toward the house. The upstairs blinds were drawn but a light showed beneath. The drawn blinds and the bar of light beneath engendered in him a feeling of jealous anguish.

He softly turned the knob of the street door and it resisted. Between the Castle and the house next door a little alleyway gave access to the apartment on the second floor with the aid of a private pair of steps. The open kitchen window spoke of the security the Castle offered and Larry lifted the sash a bit higher and stepped into the room. He heard Bob singing.

"Jean, my Jean, I love you dear—" the piece was familiar, yes, he remembered, Bob sang it for them the other night by request. The tinkling of the piano stopped and after a small silence a woman's voice came to him.

"Bob, please take me home now."

"So soon, Thelma, we have just arrived."

"But it's so late and don't you think I have taken enough chances for one night?"

"But—" the door flew open violently and a mad man entered. His face was bloodless and his lips were stretched back tight against his teeth. Concentrated and primitive hate gleamed from his staring eyes and he shouted from a foaming mouth.

"You dirty nigger lover. You're worse than a whore, to think I loved you."

Bob tore himself from Thelma's embrace. He faced Larry with an instinctive crouch. Larry's eyes met his with a look of unutterable loathing and contempt. The look seemed to stir Bob's hate more than the words could have done.

"Get out," he commanded, hoarsely.

For an answer, Larry sprang at him with a blind, overwhelming desire to kill. The rush was sudden and unexpected and though Bob met it with a lift from the shoulder, the blow only glanced off Larry's chin and they closed for a moment. The marble nymph swayed and rocked with them and finally

(*Continued on page 361*)

VICENTE GUERRERO—LIBERATOR OF MEXICO

By J. A. ROGERS
Noted Negro Author and Journalist

If one would discover just what the individual Negro is capable of accomplishing in a military way one must go to Latin countries for in them the pressure against persons of Negro ancestry has been uniformly less than in Anglo-Saxon ones.

Perhaps the one to whom most credit was due for the liberation of Brazil was General Henri Diaz, a Negro, and ex-slave; the conquest of Egypt by the French in the time of Napoleon was almost solely due to the brilliant genius of Gen. Dumas, a mulatto, and father of the great novelist; the commander of the French forces in the Boxer Rebellion in China was also another mulatto, Gen. Alfred Dodds, one of the leading generals of the Russian Army under Peter the Great, was an African Negro; Hannibal, ancestor of Poushkin; Antonio Maceo, leader of the revolt against Spain in Cuba was what was known as a Zambo, that is one with a small percentage of white strain; the commander of the Air Defense of Paris was a dark Negro of Martinique, Commandant Mortenol, while the George Washington of Mexico was a Negro slave, Vicente Guerrero.

To Anglo-Saxon Negroes, none of whose number has ever risen to the rank of general—Col. Charles E. Young rose the highest—the statement that Vicente Guerrero was a Negro, will be accepted with surprise if not incredulity.

What, the liberator and one of the first presidents of the second largest North American country, a Negro! Therefore, proof!

Turn, then to Larousse, the French encyclopedia, perhaps the leading one in existence; under the *G's* look for Guerrero and along with the statement that he led the revolution against Spain and was president of Mexico, you'll find the words, "esclave, mulatre," which in English means, *"mulatto slave."*

A singular fact about Guerrero: he could neither read nor write, but like Crispus Attucks, illiterate Negro slave and the first to strike the blow for American independence, he could feel deeply—perhaps all the more because he, too, was an escaped slave—the tyranny of Spain—a tyranny that caused her the loss of all her colonies of every single foot of the vast possessions she once held in the New World.

Search into the ancestry of Guerrero would prove interesting, and I am sorry I cannot offer now any other statement than that from Larousse. Some time ago after coming across the fact I made a few brief notes of his deeds intending to pursue the matter further, but for various reasons did not do so, with the result that what I have to offer concerning him now is incomplete, and but an introduction to a fuller one I hope to give.

Mexico's grievance against Spain was that of every other American colony, Latin or Anglo-Saxon, namely, oppressive taxation. In the Anglo-Saxon countries, however, the immigrants had come to settle, while in the Spanish ones, they had come as conquerors—to get as much loot as possible in the shortest possible time, and return home to enjoy it.

In addition to the oppressive taxation in Mexico, there were restrictions on commerce by native Mexicans; all goods were to be manufactured in Spain and then sent to the colony. Even wine-growing by the natives was made impossible, while the courts were corrupted in the interests of the hidalgos.

To add to these grievances the Spanish budget of 1804 called for an additional tax of forty-five million dollars, which forced many to mortgage their homes, these mortgages being often called in on the briefest notice leaving the owners ruined. Then as if to make matters worse Napoleon placed his brother Joseph, on the throne of Spain.

At once revolt broke in different parts of the kingdom of Mexico. In the north Hidalgo, a parish priest, and Allerde, a captain of cavalry, with forces consisting largely of untrained Indians, captured Guanajato, and marched on the capital, but were defeated at Calderon, and executed. Another priest, Morello, revolted in the south and in spite of defeat at the siege at Cuatla, became so powerful that he overran most of the kingdom, held the south, called a congress, and issued a constitution; but he, too, was captured and put to death in Mexico City in 1815. One single leader was now left, Guerrero, and although he was at that time, not the best known of the leaders he never ceased to keep alive the torch of Mexican liberty which he had been the first to light.

His hatred of the Spaniard was undying. It is said of him that he never spared the life of a foe or asked quarter of any one.

Finally under the leadership of Guerrero, and aided by Col. Iturbide, and Gen. Santa Anna, later to become famous in the war with the United States, Mexican independence which had been declared earlier, became a fact. Iturbide, who had issued the proclamation of independence was then named emperor by Guerrero.

But the rule of Iturbide I. was brief and stormy. After the landed classes of native Mexicans had won their independence they soon began to exploit the vast mass of ignorant natives, and Guerrero, always a man of the people, revolted against him. Although severely wounded in the struggle Guerrero succeeded in defeating the emperor, and ordered his execution, which was carried out.

The struggle between the landed classes and the masses of the people now took the form of Freemasonry. Two great factions soon came into existence, the York Masons, known as the Yorkinos, of which Guerrero was head, and the Scotch Masons, known as the Ecossais, of which Gen. Victoria Bravo was chief. A former friend of Guerrero, and a member of the Yorkinos, Gen. Pedraza, deserted and formed a lodge of his own, until the struggle now centered around Guerrero and Pedraza. Bravo, however, had been previously named president with Guerrero, vice-president. A rebel to the last Guerrero held out against the government for the common people.

The time came for another election with Pedraza and Guerrero the favorites. Every effort was made by the people to elect Guerrero while the government did its best to place his opponent in power. Finally Pedraza received the votes of ten legislatures and was named president; Guerrero had got only eight. There was no manhood suffrage, as will be understood.

At this news, revolt at once broke out all over the republic, in favor of Guerrero and a proclamation was issued naming him president. It read:

"The name of the hero of the South is repeated with unspeakable enthusiasm. His valor and constancy combined have engraved themselves upon the hearts of the Mexicans. He is the image of their felicity, and they wish to confide to him the delicate and sacred deposit of the executive power."

After three days of fighting the government surrendered, and Guerrero was named Minister of War. But the people were not content. Guerrero and no other would do as president. Finally Congress passed a law declaring that he had been elected, and in April, 1825, he was inaugurated.

Guerrero at once set about improving the condition of the masses composed largely of Indians and half-breeds. He ordered schools to be built and established free libraries. Reading had been forbidden by the Spaniards, and the inquisition had been active. Guerrero further established a coinage, regulated the gambling houses, and ordered a suspension of the death penalty. But that was not all. He had been inspired by the American Constitution, but going further, than that document he ordered the immediate freedom of every slave in the republic. A reading of the Mexican Constitution, much of it the work of Guerrero, shows it to be one of the most liberal in existence.

Guerrero's emancipation proclamation passed almost unnoticed because chattel slaves were few—all except in one part of the republic where it made a tremendous stir—Texas. The Texans were Americans who had migrated into Mexico under the leadership of Stephen Austin. The land had been granted them by the Spanish viceroy, and they had sought there a haven from the agitation against slavery then going on in their own land. The slaveholders had jumped from the frying pan into the fire.

Guerrero, however, was unable to enforce his decree in Texas. His enemies, the capitalists, were doing all they could to oust him and he was too busy trying to hold his place to compel the Texans to do that,

(*Continued on page* 360)

"BEST" EDITORIAL FOR OCTOBER

Selected from the American Negro Press

By EUGENE GORDON

Noted Journalist on Staff of Boston Post

This matter of selecting the "best" one of any class of things is always full of risks for the foolhardy who attempt it; however, those who explain their methods more often escape wrath than those who do not. As a matter of necessity, especially if one person makes the selection, the method must be arbitrary. If it be arbitrary it must follow certain lines of guidance — certain rules from which no appeal is allowed. Moreover, the word "best," as used nowadays in our appraisal of qualities in stories, books, newspapers, plays, and so on, is far from being an absolute term; at best "best" as thus employed is merely relative, and its relativeness becomes apparent in proportion as the selector of the "best" be a "committee" of one person or of several. For that reason no story or editorial or book or play selected as the "best" should be considered as unqualifiedly perfect; it should be considered merely as having met more thoroughly than any other story or editorial or book or play that was read by the selector *the arbitrary rules or tests applied to it.*

As there are in other literary forms certain elastic principles which govern them, so are there in the newspaper editorial. For the purpose of this new department, however, the elasticity must be removed. The principles made hard and rigid. If this were not done the rules would not be arbitrary, and arbitrary they must *be, to be effective, in this particular undertaking.*

I have made for my use a standard rule by which each editorial read during the month will be measured. That one which adjusts itself most nearly perfectly to this standard will be chosen as the best *of all those examined. A newspaper's editorials may be selected more than once.*

So uniform were the qualities of October's "best" editorials that attempting to select the *best* of these became a matter, almost, of splitting hairs. The quality of the "best" dozen or so was uniformly commonplace. Seemingly, October was an "off" month among editorial writers.

Student-strike editorials occupied much space. Some fairly readable, but not startling, dissertations were penned on these. Following the strikes, there came next in a number of comments on the incident of the Chinese student in Mississippi. Other editorials dealt with general subjects.

I pick "Senator Bingham writes," in the Baltimore *Afro-American* of October 22, as the "best" editorial for October. It follows:

SENATOR BINGHAM WRITES

The leading editorial this week is written for us by Senator Hiram W. Bingham, Rep., of Connecticut, whose address, delivered at a dinner in his honor in Hawaii, was reported as follows in a Honolulu newspaper:

"At the beginning of his talk, which blazed with indignation over the insolence of the Nordic toward those whom he looks upon as his inferiors, Senator Bingham made the statement:

"'I am, I believe, the only American representative of government who has ever refused to enter the doors of the Army and Navy Club in Manila.'

"Senator Bingham went on to say that during his recent visit to the Philippine capital he was invited to be a guest of honor at a banquet at the Army and Navy Club. He inquired if some of the prominent Filipinos, such as Sergio Osmena, president of the Philippine Senate, and Manuel Quezon, speaker of the house, were also to be present.

"'Certainly not,' was the indignant reply, and it was explained to the Senator that no Filipinos are permitted to enter the sacred portals of the Army and Navy Club.

"'Then I am sorry, gentlemen,' replied Senator Bingham, 'but I shall not be able to accept your invitation.'

"'I want to tell you right now,' said Senator Bingham, 'that if a half dozen of the prominent white people of Manila were to invite a few of the cultured and prominent Filipinos to be their guests at a tea, the agitation for Philippine independence would die right then and there.'

"Senator Bingham also made the statement that three commanding generals of the United States Army forces in the Philippines had refused to recognize or call on Lt.-Gov.-Gen. Gilmore (now acting Governor since the death of Gen. Wood).

"'I want to know why,' declared the Senator, 'and, I'm going to find out why.'

"The Connecticut Senator was at white heat in his denunciation both of white missionaries and the white business men, British as well as American, who go to the Orient with a feeling of superiority over the native inhabitants, and only for the purpose of enriching themselves by any methods available. He spoke contemptuously of those 'whose palms are greased so that everything they get hold of will stick.'

"To illustrate the point he was making of the snobbery of the white man in his contacts with the Oriental, Senator Bingham told of calling upon a wealthy and highly respected Chinese in Shanghai, a graduate of Yale University whom he had known for years before and whose wife was a graduate of one of the finest girls' schools in America. Their two sons were also Yale graduates and their two daughters had been educated in first-class American schools.

"The Chinese desired to cash a check for some $1,800 to meet his payroll for the week, and Bingham accompanied him to the Bank of the International Banking Corporation. The Chinese went to the paying teller's window and presented the check to the white cashier for payment.

"'What the hell do you mean coming in here?' snarled the gentlemanly Nordic. 'Get the hell out of here, you damned Chinaman, and go down to the other end of the building with the rest of the Chinamen.'

"The Chinese made no reply but quietly withdrew.

"Bingham told of visiting the parks of the city—parks on Chinese soil in a city where Chinese pay 60 per cent. of the taxes. And in those parks, he said, are signs reading, 'No Chinamen or dogs allowed.'

"Turning then from the Orient to Hawaii, where he was born and raised and whose people are his own people, Senator Bingham uttered the warning, 'there's beginning to be too much of that kind of thing right here.'"

POSTSCRIPT

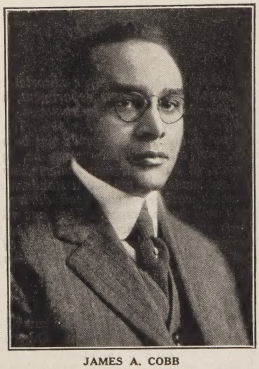
With Senator Bingham's views, the AFROAMERICAN stands in complete accord. We only remind him that the same "arrogant snobbery, studied discourtesy, and assumption of Nordic superiority" are to be found in the United States, in his home state of Connecticut and the capital at Washington.

We are happy to note his reaction to race prejudice in Hawaii, the Philippines, and China, and invite him to note that blacks, as well as browns and yellows, are victims of it.

"Next best" editorials are selected as follows: "'Mr. James Crow' Invades Gary," Houston *Informer,* October 8; 2. "Yellow Is Black," Pittsburgh *Courier,* Oct. 22; 3. "What We Want," Chicago *Defender,* Oct. 22; 4. "Sowing the Wind," Boston *Chronicle,* Oct. 8; 5. "Work For It," Chicago *Bee,* Oct. 1; 6. "Taking the Dead South," Philadelphia *Tribune,* (Oct. ?); 7. "Caucasian Logic," *Amsterdam News,* Oct. 5; 8. "Color-Baiting America," *Negro World,* Oct. 29; 9. Colonel Roosevelt's Speech," East Tennessee *News,* Oct. 6; 10. "'Lack-Loyalty,'" Kansas City *Call,* Oct. 7; 11. "That Word 'Colored,'" Chicago *Defender,* Oct. 22; 12. "Doing Comes Before Talking," Kansas City *Call,* Oct. 2.

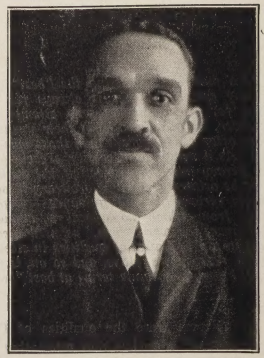
(Note: The second of the "next best editorials for September was "Dr. Moton and Church Activities," Birmingham *Reporter,* September 24th.—Editor.)

THE AFRAMERICAN ACADEMY



JAMES A. COBB

Arcadia, La., can boast of being the birth place of this Negro judge of the Municipal Court of the District of Columbia. Judge Cobb is a product of Straight, Fisk and Howard Universities. He was admitted to the Bar of the District of Columbia in 1900, and on November 11, 1907, was appointed Special Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Columbia, in which capacity he served until August, 1915. He was delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1920 at Chicago, and alternate delegate to the convention of the same party in 1924 in Cleveland. He is Vice-Dean of Howard University and Professor of Negotiable Instruments and Constitutional Law there, as well as being a member of the Board of Directors of the N. A. A. C. P. of the District of Columbia, and serving as its legal advisor. (Photo. by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.)



BENJAMIN BRAWLEY

Born in Columbia, S. C., he is a graduate of Morehouse College, University of Chicago and Harvard University. He has taught at Morehouse College and Howard University, and at present is professor of English at Shaw University and editor of the Home Mission College Review. From 1918 to 1920, Mr. Brawley was President of the Association of Colleges for Negro Youth. He was ordained to the Baptist Ministry June 2, 1921. He is best known for his writings, being the author of "A Short History of the American Negro," "A Social History of the American Negro," "The Negro in Literature and Art," "A Short History of the English Drama," "A New Survey of English Literature," and "New Era Declamations." In addition he has contributed numerous articles on a variety of subjects to the best magazines in the country. (Photo. by Horton, Raleigh, N. C.)

ROBERT W. BAGNALL

A frequent contributor to such magazines as "The Messenger," "The Survey," "The Crisis," "The World Tomorrow," "The Southern Workman," "Current History" and "The Nation," Mr. Bagnall, an ordained priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church since 1905, is best known throughout the country as Director of Branches of the N. A. A. C. P., an office which he assumed in 1921. Under his direction the number of branches has doubled. He organized and conducted the successful fight against jim crow schools in Ypsilanti, Mich., and aided similar fights in Springfield and Dayton, O. He also organized the New Orleans fight against residential segregation. Before entering his present office, he pastored churches in Virginia, Maryland and Michigan, and did valuable work for the N. A. A. C. P. He was born in Norfolk, Va., and is a product of Norfolk Mission College, Temple University and Bishop Payne Divinity School.

GEORGE E. HAYNES

So well known is Dr. Haynes and his intelligent and persistent efforts to bring about better interracial relations that it would seem unnecessary to do more than present his likeness and his name. However, for the benefit of the uninformed, he is originally from Arkansas (an excellent place to be from) and is a graduate of Fisk, Yale and Columbia Universities. He was Sec'y of the Colored Men's Dep't of the YMCA, 1905-08; one of the founders of the Urban League, at the head of which he served eight years; was Director of Negro Economics in the U. S. Labor Department, 1918-21; developed the Negro Worker's Advisory Committee during the war; was one of the originators of the first interracial organization; and today he is Sec'y of the Commission on the Church and Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches. He is author of several books and a lecturer of national repute.

WILLIAM CLARENCE MATTHEWS

A product of Tuskegee Institute, Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard University and Boston University, he was born in Selma, Ala., and now resides in San Francisco, Calif. From 1905 to 1913 he was athletic instructor in the public schools of Boston, Mass. He was admitted to the Bar of Massachusetts in 1908 and has practiced law ever since. In 1913 he was appointed special assistant United States Attorney of Massachusetts. He was organizer in 1924 of the Colored Section, Republican National Committee. In 1925 he had the honor to be appointed special assistant to the Attorney-General of the United States, being the first Negro ever to be so appointed. Lawyers appointed to this position are regarded as "crack men" of the Department of Justice and are given a roving commission, going wherever the presence of an expert is needed. (Photo by Scurlock, Washington, D. C.)

By JAMES W. IVY

"Christian Conquest in the Congo" (*The Methodist Book Concern;* $1.00), *by John McKendree Springer.* The reverend John M. Springer is a good Fundamentalists; so it is natural that he should write of the Congo and his labors therein in the style of one of the reverend John Straton's sermons. He tells us the exact number of souls he has won for Christ; the number of churches he has built; how many preachers he has ordained; the state of the missionary campaign, and the probable future of Protestant Christianity. He tells us how he took Christ to the cannibals; how he is developing an indigenous christian leadership; and about the "power of God unto salvation."

From this my readers can see that the book is the average among books of its class and style. I never put much faith in the stories of foreign peoples brought back by missionaries; for they write of their travels always with a christian bias. It seems to me, too, that the missionaries do almost as much harm as they do good. They undermine tribal customs and beliefs, and implant in the natives desires and wants which they can ill-afford to satisfy. They tell the natives that if they accept Christ they will be brothers in Christ with their fellow whites; that they are the equals of the whites, and a lot of other nonsense which, the missionaries never seem to realize, create more dissension and dissatisfaction than peace and harmony.

I notice that Reverend Springer has little to say about the ruthless exploitation of the natives in the Congo. All that we get on this point, is a thin trickle of hints that all is not well in the new Promised Land. But this follower of the man who could chase thieves out of the temple with a scourge is afraid even to lift his voice in protest against the copper and rubber thieves in Congo. The truth is the natives of the Congo are ruthlessly exploited, and all of the colonial powers are one in treir guilt. Little Belgium is not the only offender. Only the other day, André Gide published his *Voyage au Congo,* in which he tells how the local administration, working in conjunction with the concessionaire companies, have destroyed the plantations, burned villages, and ruthlessly murdered men, women and children on the least pretext. He tells how a company of soldiers were sent out to put down a local disturbance, and how the officers brought back "the ears and the genitalia of their victims" to the commandant to verify the nature of their slaughter. A ghastly business, and in the French Congo too. From what I hear the conditions in the rest of the Congo are little better. Yet this book of the Reverend Springer says nothing about these things. The Congo has been conquered, not by Christ, but by the great God Mammon.

The good christian can take a trip to the West Coast of Africa, without once leaving his armchair, and he can do this by reading; *"Missionary Story-Sketches and Folk Lore from Africa* (*Eaton and Mains;* $1.50), *by Alexander Priestly Camphor,* with an introduction by Rev. M. C. B. Mason, D. D. Bishop Camphor tells about his travels, his mission work, about the natives and their superstitions, their myths, stories, and legends. There are also stories and incidents which throw an interesting sidelight on various aspects of Africa and her people. The good Bishop is more catholic in his views than Mr. Springer and his book is the gainer thereby.

Before we leave these studies by Bishop Camphor and the Reverend Springer I must discuss another book of travels written by the latter. *"The Heart of Central Africa"* (*The Methodist Book Concern*), $1.25 *by John McKendree Springer.* As I have pointed out before, Reverend Springer is a Methodist missionary and a Fundamentalist. He has written much on Africa, some of it is indeed interesting, but it is written from the angle of the orthodox christian who can view Africa only as a field ripe unto the harvest for the Lord Jesus Christ.

Naturally this book will have greater interest for those Christians who wish Africa saved for Christ, and will leave the average citizen of this moral republic cold with indifference. Missionaries do not write first rate travel books. I cannot think of a single travel book by a missionary that one can put in the same class with the similar productions of Doughtry, Richard Burton, or Lawrence. Why nothing has come out of a missionary on Africa as good as Hans Coudenhoove's, *My African Neighbors.* The missionary's christian slant invariably ruins him as an honest, clear-eyed reporter. He sees the strange customs and habits of the natives, not as proofs of the infinite diversity of man and his customs, but as merely vulgar manifestations of the devil. They write about what they see from this angle, and that is why the circulation of such books is confined to the Epworth League, the B. Y. P. U., and the Y. M. C. A. "The Heart of Central Africa" is neither better nor worse than other books of its class that I have read.

"The Care of the Face" (*Greenberg, Publishers;* $2.00) *by Oscar L. Levin, M. D.* A competently written little book. Dr. Levin shows that the skin is an organ and that its healthy functioning depends, in the main, upon the general state of health of the body as a whole; that it is virtually impossible to correct local ailments of the face, without, at the same time, giving attention to one's stomach, liver, or kidneys; and that so-called skin foods, beauty bleaches, etc., are simply gaudily packed, widely advertised, high priced frauds, which never do what they pretend to do and are in so many cases actually dangerous. Dr. Levin discusses practically all the diseases of the fat glands, the skin and the hair; their causes and their symptoms, and the best methods of cure. The doctor tells us nothing about bleaches used by Negro women. In America large numbers of our tar-colored women are dissatisfied with their complexions and improve on nature with ample applications of "Black and White" and other greases of like nature. If these concoctions work their faces suffer, and the ofay tint is bought at a dear price. A study of this phenomenon of black changing into white would have made an interesting chapter in Dr. Levin's book.

"Maggie L. Walker; Her Life and Deeds" (*Cincinnati; The Dabney Pub. Co.*) *by Wendell P. Dabney.* A fine pen sketch of Mrs. Maggie Walker, by Mr. Dabney, rounded to completeness by a Testimonial of Love and a formal program rendered in her honor at the City Auditorium, in Richmond, at the time of the Quarto-Centennial Service Celebration by the Army of Saint Luke. Mr. Dabney's book is hardly more than a pen portrait; he gives us the bare outlines of her life, albeit significant facts, for there is nothing irrevelant; the heart and soul of her, by which we are better able to understand her remarkable achievements. Mr. Dabney writes well, is thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and in consequence, he carries the reader along with him. Starting with a description of the Richmond of his youth, he slowly brings us step by step to the present year, and in the climb he shows us his heroine as she lived and what she was doing on each step; how at times it seemed that she must lose her balance and go tumbling to the bottom; how at times her foot would slip; and at others the grotesque envy of her fellow men and women tugging at her determined that she should not reach the upmost landing. Mrs. Walker, despite envy, tragedies and gloom, did reach the top. In Richmond, the St. Luke building, the St. Luke *Herald,* the St. Luke Bank, and the growing order of St. Luke are evidences of her success. Mr. Dabney outlines the story of this woman for us; we see behind these enterprises the lengthened shadow of one woman: Mrs. Maggie Lena Walker. The book is well printed on good paper, and filled with many illustrations. All Virginians must read Mr. Dabney's book; a first rate piece of work.

"The Great French Revolution" (*Vanguard Press; 2 vols.* $1.00) *by P. A. Kropotkin, translated by N. F. Dryhurst.* This is Prince Kropotkin's famous economic study of the French Revolution. The essential

(*Continued on page* 354)

EDITORIALS

The I. R. T. and the A. F. of L.

ACCORDING to newspaper reports the Interborough Rapid Transit Company has sought an injunction against William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, and the three million members of that organization. This is an unprecedented method in American labor history of a corporation attempting to destroy the right of collective bargaining of organized labor. Officials of labor groups have been enjoined before, but never the entire membership.

This sensational procedure on the part of the I. R. T. is an evidence of its utter desperation. It is a frantic attempt of the Company to preserve the Company Union, which was ruthlessly exposed by Samuel Untermeyer who is now conducting an investigation into the financial activities of the subway system of New York City.

It will be interesting to note the policy which the A. F. of L. will adopt in relation to this injunction. Obviously there is no alternative save to resolutely face the matter with an unequivocal determination to not only vindicate the right of employees to organize, to strike and to bargain collectively, but also to retire forever to the limbo of oblivion the weapon of the injunction against the right of workers to unite for the purpose of orderly and lawfully negotiating agreements on wages, rules and working conditions.

The outcome of this struggle will be big and pregnant with far-reaching and significant consequences to the entire labor movement of America in particular and the world in general. Were the American workers to permit organized business to employ the injunction to crush and suppress their right of organization, their hope of securing increasing industrial changes, promising and beneficent to their interest, will be immeasurably shadowed and set back. Seeing that the Company union is a flagrant species of industrial feudalism, and realizing that the steady progress of the workers' education movement will expose its viciousness and bankruptcy, unenlightened big business is seeking to bolster up a tottering and decrepit machine of persecution and oppression by the judicial instrument of the injunction. Every worker should be deeply concerned about the ultimate issue of this injunction as it is intimately tied up with his economic and social existence. It must not be permitted to go unchallenged by the solidarity of labor regardless of trade union distinctions in doctrines, race, color, creed or nationality.

Even should the injunction be sustained by a court of law the workers should not accept it as an expression of economic justice. They should forthwith proceed to either revise the law or change the composition of the court. The fact that a certain economic policy is upheld judicially is no evidence that it is socially sound. One needs but to survey our judicial history to note the many reversals in decisions on the part of the United States Supreme Court, especially was this significant on the income tax. It is to be noted also that legislation against child labor was declared unconstitutional, but no one with any sense of social liberalism, vision and efficiency would regard such a decision as expressing a proper, scientific and fundamental public policy.

Whenever judicial interpretation of an economic, social or political policy obviously contravenes the well-being of the people, of whom the producing class constitute the larger section, it is a social obligation of the wage earners as well as the enlighened lovers of social and economic liberty forthwith to proceed upon a policy of action calculated to reverse that interpretation.

It is interesting, in this connection, to note that the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters has been the defiant spearhead against the movement of company unionism in America. Since the war the company union has grown and flourished to the tune of some eight hundred or more. The organized labor movement as a result of its economic and psychological ignorance, permitted this industrial monster to increase in power, influence and ramification. No aggressive, comprehensive, scientifically intelligent policy has been formulated and instituted against this employers' weapon. Evidently the labor chieftains considered it of fungus growth, and therefore maintained an attitude of indifference, apathy and unconcern. Now the company union movement has become so menacing as to actually endanger the life of organized labor; yet, organzied labor has worked out no scientific and aggressive program for handling this new industrial situation. It was left to the Negro workers, expressed through the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, to work out and execute a vigorous program on the company union movement. For this great service the American labor movement is deeply indebted to the Pullman Porters. It may be that the Negro wage earners, heretofore, stigmatized as the classic scabs of America, allegedly seeking to tear down high working class industrial standards, will play the role of pioneers in liberating their white brothers from the despotism of company unionism.

Florence Mills

WE all mourn the passing of Miss Florence Mills. The world mourns her passing. European dispatches say that London was shocked at the news of her death. This is natural. She had danced and sung her way into the hearts of practically all people. Encrusted lines of race, color and cast disappealed under the magic spell and lure of her winsome, fetching and beautiful personality.

She possessed the soul of a true artist. Though she was the center and moving spirit of elaborate and gilded theatrical settings, she was simple in her manner, in her presentations, in her addresses; yes, in the nuances of her art.

It was hers to play the enviable rôle and creative function of thrilling and bringing solace to the hearts of many a sad and tired person. Hers was the work of a genuine, profound, creative, artistic altruism, although she too was a direct beneficiary of her art career.

Despite her high and acknowledged reaches in her field, she was apparently bereft of the bizarre, the eccentric, the idiosyncratic. She was very human, one of the people, though the cynosure of all eyes. This is a marked and definite tribute to the woman. She was doubtless the world's greatest soubrette. She basked in the brilliant and dazzling light of popular esteem and acclaim. She won and elicited the admiration of the most fantastic and grudgingly critical.

Yes, we mourn her passing. Her death is a distinct loss to the Negro. It is a distinct loss to the American stage; more than that, it is a distinct loss to the world stage. But it may be, yes, verily, it is certain that the spirit of Florence Mills will never die. It will live on forever, for she made the world happier. She dispelled corroding cares. She worked for a tearless world, for a world of joy, of beauty, and of sunshine.

THE world rolls on, but uneasily. Ever and anon its emotional and intellectual life creaks, and sometimes menacingly so. The world war continues to recede into our historical consciousness but its devastating vestiges continue to persist, disturbing the make-shifts for peace and order. Despite the deft and astute world diplomatists, the international frame-work of politics creels and reels, and though an appearance of calm is sometimes presented, the

powerful, dynamic, social and economic forces threaten an upset.

The Montà

In the world's drama, China now is an outstanding actress. She is fighting against the age-old obstacle of foreign oppression, western financial imperialism. Through the Kuomintang she seeks to build a new China, to so enkindle the flames of nationalism as to burn up the ancient, social, economic and political remains of conservatism which have stood athwart her path of national independence and self-reliance. Though there will be intermittent retardations, set-backs, and temporary defeats to this new crusading spirit of China, the cause of China for the Chinese will live, grow and become more irresistible.

It marks the beginning of the end of the unchallenged control and supremacy of the white race over the darker races of the world. It sounds the death knell to the haughty, sinister and disastrous creed of Nordic supremacy. It may be also the signal for the shifting of world control from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the white to the darker peoples. In the course of human struggles it is most unnatural that the range of power should continue to rest in the hands of any one people, especially when those people evince a spirit of arrogance, of selfish exploitation and of a will to establish political dominion over alien peoples without regard to their native interests or rights. This policy glorified by such intellectual gendarmes as Madison Grant, Lothrop Stoddard and their ilk, is destined to throw the world back to the midnight of barbarism and leave the heavens without a star of social, political and economic promise.

The only alternative to this creed of domination, yes, even benevolent domination, is cooperation upon a basis of common and mutual interest and well-being. The spirit of the peoples of color is that either there shall be mutual and fraternal cooperation on a basis of equality with a view to reciprocal service, or ceaseless world conflict, insurrection and revolution.

The forces making for a cooperative world lack the technique and machinery for aggressive and effective action. But happily such a technique and machinery are in the making.

The world has moved into a cycle of new sensational, mechanical discoveries, inventions and achievements, with the aeroplane easily assuming the ascendancy in significance and social, political, economic and mechanical implication. Probably Lindbergh will be heralded in the future by historians as the aerial Columbus. His flight may yield distinct social, industrial and mechanical benefits, although it is obviously being employed for the furtherance of the military arts and the cause of war. There are numberless other inventions, discoveries and mechanical achievements of perhaps lesser significance and yet of genuine value, especially with respect to the transmission of sound and sight.

Russia has made no sensational gestures in recent months, though observers seem to agree in regarding her as one of the most stable countries of Europe. The Balkans are not seething with any of their old time fury, perhaps due to the fact that France is steadily crystallizing her middle European Entente.

Germany continues to grow in military and industrial and political power and stability, imposing a steady and logical revision of the Dawes Plan upon the allied powers. The rehabilitation and renormalization of Germany are the marvel of the age. Through sheer force of the application of scientific formulæ in social, industrial and political mechanics, Germany is rising to a new world eminence. France and England will be compelled to welcome her. Her rise will impose upon Europe an international policy of cooperation or death.

Mussolini, resourceful though dramatic, recapitulates with power and force the achievements of fascism to the world, while all liberals mourn for the cause of democracy.

In America, the national campaign looms in the offing. Countless favorite sons present themselves as fitting and desirable presidential timber while the people plod wearily on their way.

NEWS reporting is a very vital and valuable art. Few Negro editors or newspaper owners know of its significance. The movement to organize the Pullman porters has revealed the amazing ignorance of a large section of the Negro press of the content, form and function of news.

Reporting News

It is interesting to note that when the false rumor was broadcasted that the United States Mediation Board had turned down the case of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, the Associated Negro Press immediately seized upon it and shot it out to the Negro papers, conveniently editing certain parts of the rumor to suit the taste and tickle the fancy of the Pullman Company.

When the Universal News Agency sent out a retraction of this false rumor to the press of the country, the white papers carried it while a large number of the Negro papers who carried the false statement, refused to carry the retraction. The Associated Negro Press dropped it like a hot apple. Of course the reason is obvious. While the Pullman Company would pay the Associated Negro Press for coloring and misrepresenting facts relating to the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, it would not countenance the Associated Negro Press retracting its misstatements.

By the same monstrous type of journalism, the Chicago Defender and The Associated Negro Press would not report the action of the Brotherhood before the Interstate Commerce Commission. This piece of news was syndicated throughout the country by the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service, the Universal News Service, the Scripps-Howard Service, and it was carried by practically every paper in America. Besides hundreds of big dailies wrote editorials favoring the cause of the porters' union. Such papers as the Washington Star, The Detroit News, the Memphis Commercial Appeal, The New York World, The New York Sun, The Catholic weekly, America, The Minneapolis Tribune and hundreds of others unequivocally took the side of the porters.

It is a notorious prostitution of the purpose, function, ideals and ethics of journalism for a newspaper or news agency deliberately to edit news, for news is the bare facts which constitute the bone of opinion. If a man is represented as having been seen applying a torch to a house when he actually did nothing of the kind, opinion about that particular man must necessarily be wrong, which will result in a palpable wrong being done him. What is true about spreading false news about a man or woman is equally true about spreading false news about an organization.

The Associated Negro Press has deliberately, designedly, under the guise of reporting news, served as the mouthpiece of the Pullman Company. It has viciously edited every piece of news relating to the Brotherhood in such a way as to weaken public opinion in the movement and also to frighten Pullman porters away from it. That it has failed in its nefarious attempt is not due to any lack of desire on its part, but only to the fact that no new agency, paper or institution has power enough to stem the onward march of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. We have even observed a subtle and cowardly attempt of the Associated Negro Press to assume a pseudo-fair attitude in one or two news releases on some inconsequential matter relating to the Brotherhood. That is done in order to get credit from the public of seeming to be impartial on the question. The real motive behind it, however, is to make the public feel that on one matter it has taken an apparently impartial attitude and consequently arms it with greater influence to misrepresent

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Business & Industry

Compiled by GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

Charles Reece, Negro sales agent for the Studebaker Company in Chicago, Ill., recently won first prize in a sales contest.

The first three prizes in the cotton picking contest recently held on a farm near Anthony, N. M., were captured by three Negro farmers: E. T. Williams, picking 151 pounds in two hours; Edward Showers, 143 pounds; and D. Spurgeon, 137 pounds.

Average wages of 29 1-3 cents an hour and a work week of 75 hours duration, have finally driven the more manly Negro barbers in Boston, Mass., to organize the Master Barbers' Protective Association. The average Boston Negro barber only realizes about $22, including tips, for a week's toil with the shears, clippers and razors. *They can only get a decent wage through organization.*

The Elite Laundry, a Negro business, recently opened for trade at Ninth and You Streets., Washington, D. C.

In Nashville, Tenn., the Ever Ready Taxi Cab Company, a Negro concern, has added a fleet of Shaw model taxicabs to the number they already have in operation.

Nearly 2,000 Negro longshoremen at Hampton Roads, Va., were recently benefitted by a wage increase negotiated by the International Longshoremen's Association.

In Oklahoma City, Okla., Negro business men have organized $25,000 finance corporation to be known as the Stonewall Finance Company. It will loan money, re-finance loans, and exercise all of the powers conferred upon corporations by the state.

The department of Business Administration of the West Virginia Collegiate Institute, has organized and conducted successfully a co-operative bank for over a year. This is probably the first co-operative bank Negroes have had.

The Newcomer Realty Company of Toledo, Ohio, is shortly to be incorporated for $10,000.

The Zell Company of Nashville, Tenn., has recently taken out a state charter for the manufacture and sale of toilet articles. It is capitalized at $5,000.

Several prominent Negro actors in New York City have formed a protective union to prevent Negro actors from being stranded and robbed of their salaries.

Dr. John A. Kenny, former head of the John A. Andrew Memorial Hospital at Tuskegee Institute, has opened a three-story hospital of his own in Newark, N. J. It will accommodate 35 patients. The institution is thoroughly up-to-date in every way.

Mr. Dave Hawley has been appointed assistant superintendent of the Armour Postal Station, 31st and Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Non-union mines around Pittsburgh, Pa., have further reduced the wages of their slaves, most of whom are Negroes.

George H. Nickerson, a Negro residing in Houston, Texas, has been appointed a salesman at the Walk-Over Shoe Store, 618 Main Street.

Because Negroes in the Southwest have found themselves ousted from jobs by Mexicans who willingly work for less, they will be gratified to learn that the American Federation of Labor is taking steps to have the wholesale immigration of these workers stopped.

Mr. Frank R. Willis, a Negro of Louisville, Ky., has won so many prizes in all parts of the world with his chickens that he has become known as the Poultry King.

The Vernon Aero Club of Los Angeles, Calif., will qualify 50 Negro youths as aviators. There are three or four expert instructors. *Negroes will now get uppish!*

Sons of Ham in Watts, Calif., are about to organize a giant bus corporation which will be the only Negro transportation company in the country.

Mr. William N. Walker, a Negro rancher of the Robla district of Sacramento (Calif) County, raises 147 varieties of agricultural products on a ten-acre tract. Something is being produced on his ranch every day of the year.

A new California law requires beauty culturists to have licenses and to locate their places in business zones. *This law will hit a lot of our Negro brethren who insist on operating such businesses in their front parlors.*

Mr. Horace Garner of New York City operates a lucrative express and trucking business, employing 14 uniformed workers and having four large trucks.

Working conditions are said to be improving in Omaha, Neb., the Colored Employment Bureau there having placed over 120 Negroes in jobs in less than a month's time.

Mr. A. C. Macklin of St. Louis, Mo., has been elected president of the Standard Life Insurance Company of Missouri, taking the place of Herman Perry who was frowned upon by the insurance commission of the "Show Me" state.

The Dallas Negro Chamber of Commerce has opened a free employment bureau in addition to its other work. Business men of the sepia section of Dallas have subscribed $1,200 to help maintain the chamber.

Will Hays, so-called czar of the movies, has appointed Chas. Butler, an Aframerican, as head of all Negro employment, working under the Central Casting Bureau, in Hollywood.

Folks who are hot for an ornate and expensive casket when they shuffle off this mortal coil will soon be able to get one very cheaply. Beverly H. Williams, a Negro of Washington, D. C., has invented an inner case, couch and double casket, which can be put in a rented outer case of gold, silver or bronze. Just before heaving the body under the turf, the outer casket can be returned to the undertaker to be rented to someone else, and the inner one left to the worms.

Because of the destruction wrought by the recent hurricane in St. Louis, Mo., Negro mechanics are getting more employment than ever before, due to the fact that there are not enough white mechanics and carpenters to do the necessary work.

The Citizens' Realty and Investment Company, Inc., of New Orleans, La., recently handled over $18,000 worth of business in less than ten days time. This company has built and sold many beautiful homes to Negroes in the past few months.

According to Major R. R. Wright, Sr., of Philadelphia, Pa., the average deposit in Negro banks is $69. Negroes now have 80 banks, two of which are national banks.

The Solvent Savings Bank and Trust Company and the Fraternal Bank Savings Bank and Trust Company of Memphis, Tenn., merged on October 3rd. The capital of the combined institutions is $150,000. A. F. Ward is president of the new institution.

Mr. Charlie Powell, a Negro tenant farmer near Rosemary, N. C., brought in and sold the first bale of cotton of the season in that section. He got 20¾ cents a pound for it and in addition was given a prize of $50 by the Merchants Association of Rosemary.

The Federal Clothing Stores at 621 Seventh Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., have added a Negro saleslady to their staff. She is Mrs. La Ray Bailey, formerly of Atlanta, Ga.

The National Negro Bankers Association will meet next year at Savannah, Ga.

The Wage Earners Real Estate Company of Augusta, Ga., has opened for business at 1004 Ninth Street. J. D. McTier is president.

Mr. John M. Avery, Vice-President and Secretary of the North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company, Durham, N. C., is credited with having his life insured for $131,500.

BOOK BITS

(*Continued from page* 351)

cause of the great Revolution was the dissatisfaction of the rising *bourgeoise* with the economic restrictions of the Princes and the King. A struggle between private property, the rights of private property, and the absolutism of the monarch and his nobles. The *bourgeoise* overthrew the decadent nobility with the help of the peasant, but the peasants never got the full benefits of their efforts; it went to the rising mercantile class. The leaders of the French Revolution, like those of all revolutions of which we have detailed knowledge, imagined that their efforts were ushering in the millenium and that they would settle all the difficult problems of our worldly existence. They settled possibly, one or two, and raised a

host of others which are still plaguing mankind like gadflies a horse. Prince Kropotkin is learned and amasses a wealth of detail, giving us a rather unique picture of the French Revolution.

"The Main Stem" (*Vanguard Press;* $0.50), *by William Edge.* The experiences of a hobo is what Mr. Edge relates in this book. Slim, the central character has to a great extent been idealized by the author: there is not enough of the earthly about him to quite convince us of his absolute genuineousness as a hobo. He is well educated, quotes Marx, and is almost as familiar with the fine arts as Mr. Roger Fry. The story is interesting and makes good reading; revealing a side of life which so many people know nothing about.

Most of the educated people that I know, at least they say that they are educated, are glued in the superstition that history is a mere cataloguing of dates, battles, and the rise and fall of kings. Nothing could be further from the truth. In the *"Foundations of Modern Civilization"* (*Vanguard Press;* $0.50) *by H. C. Thomas and W. A. Hamm,* we have a sound and ably written little book, which is written from the viewpoint of the new social historian. It is the first volume in the "A B C of History." It starts quite naturally, with a study of the purpose and scope of history, and the earliest known records, and brings us down to the Old Regime in France. The book is written in a plain straight forward style; there is nothing technical about it, so it can be profitably read by the man in the street.

When the capitalists fight labor they rely on brains, money, and sound common sense. Labor retaliates with extravagant prejudices, ignorance, and recourse to outworn precedents; not that the capitalists are all Aristotles, not that they do not blunder; for they bungle, cling to prejudices that are idiotic, and do the most stupid things imaginable; yet on the whole they put more brains and sound knowledge into their campaigns against organized labor than organized labor puts into its campaigns against organized business. After reading *"The Americanization of Labor"* (*International Publishers;* $1.90) *by Robert W. Dunn,* I came to the conclusion that the American fellaheen has a thicker pate than his cousins of France, Germany, or even Italy. Through the use of company unions, employee stockownership, insurance, pensions, welfare and service activities, and the cruder methods of the blacklist and the labor spy, American Big Business has all but reduced organized labor in this country to the degraded level of chain gang labor in Florida. The story Mr. Dunn tells is in its essence the old, old, story of *panem et circenses.* Every American laborer should read this book; in it is mirrored his stupidity and his mushy sentimentalities; his provincialism as well as his selfishness.

It is the American laborer's selfishness, coupled with his extravagant sense of Nordic superiority, that makes him resist attempts at the organization of Negroes into unions, or even their admission intó existing white unions. He doesn't see beyond his eyelashes that the little material benefit which accrues to the Negroes as a result of organization is nothing in comparison with the larger benefits coming to labor as a whole.

When Mr. Dunn talks about strike breaking, he fails to tell his readers that Negroes form the favorite strike breaking material, nor does he tell why; nor does he tell us that the Great Steel Strike was broken through the use of Negro scabs. Mr. William Z. Foster, himself the organizer of the strike, admits that "the Negroes, beyond compare, gave the movement less cooperation than any other element, skilled or unskilled, foreign or native." Then he goes on to state the truth that, "the unions are themselves in no small part to blame; many of them sharply draw the color line."

From reading Mr. Dunn it is obvious, too, that the American workingman is far behind his European brother in education, intelligence, and class consciousness. Riches represent the aim of every true born American; his ideal is to become a Ford or a Rockefeller; the fallacious "equality ideal" lying at the basis of our national life, leads every American to imagine that he is the equal of every other he-man; and the result of this nonsense is that the American workingman has no class consciousness; he indentifies his aims and his ideals with those of the bourgeoise; he is their equal and he has as much chance as the other fellow of becoming rich in his own right. The result? "The Americanization of Labor."

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THE BROTHERHOOD MOVES TO VICTORY

By A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
General Organizer

Through two eventful years one of the most heroic and historic fights ever waged in America has been waged against one of America's most powerful industrial monarchs, the Pullman Company, by black men, the heirs of former slaves.

In August 1925, a few brave, bold black men, undaunted and unafraid, fired by the vision of a brighter day of economic justice, hurled their organized hosts, in the sacred name of truth and righteousness against the Pullman Company's despotic Company Union, known as the Employees Representation Plan, which is Company organized, Company owned and Company controlled.

In the eyes of some people, the effort to organize the Pullman Porters appeared to be too herculean, yes visionary, "doubting Thomases" rushed forward to advise that it was impracticable, suicidal folly, impossible! "Porters can't be organized," shouted those who counselled "let well enough alone." But our answer is we have organized, yes, we have organized over 7,000 strong.

There were those who elected to oppose the Movement, some prominent men of color, hired their souls for Pullman gold to lie and deceive. In one of America's most sinister, sinful and sordid chapters of industrial crime, debauchery and deviltry, black men, alleged leaders, conscienceless, crooked and corrupt, seeking to redden their hands in the blood of their brothers for greed and gain, clutched the pulsing throats of innocent black babes with their filthy, murderous fingers of grait, to stifle their piteous cry for more bread, for more life, vouchsafed by the labor of their fathers. In pulpit and press, like mad dervishes howling for the blood of their victims, they hunted, hounded and harassed, libelled and slandered those militant men who stood their ground for the right of porters to organize and be men.

And who were these men? Who began this union? Contrary to the childish charge, they were not blacksmiths, carpenters, preachers, lawyers, anarchists, communists, nurses or doctors, but porters; not outsiders, but insiders—men in the Pullman service, running on the road. It is they who built, supported and maintained the Organization and made it possible for the Brotherhood to present the porters' case to the United States Mediation Board, in preliminary hearings, December 10th, and in subsequent hearings, July 11th, in the Congress Hotel, Chicago, Ill.

In those hearings, Hon. Edwin P. Morrow of the United States Mediation Board, determined whether the Brotherhood's case deserved investigation or not, or whether it was the idle vaporings of some irresponsible enthusiastists. In those hearings, the representatives of the Brotherhood presented the membership of the Union to establish its right to represent the porters and maids. In reply, the Company offered in evidence the results of the election under the Employees Representation Plan, wherein the Company contented that eighty-five per cent of the porters and maids had voted for the Plan.

Against the Company's claim, the Brotherhood offered 1000 affidavits to prove that the porters did not vote of their own free will, that they were not free agents, but voted under intimidation and coercion which the Brotherhood contended was a flagrant violation of the Railway Labor Act.

The Pullman Company also contented that it had a contract with its employees. The Brotherhood answered that the alleged contract was fraudulent, null and void, and could not be validated in a court of law, since it was made under duress, wherein there was not a valid meeting of minds of free agents, but that it could be compared to a contract signed on the dotted line by a man at the point of a revolver. In which instance, the man does not sign said contract because he wants to, but because he must in order to save his life. So the porter did not vote for the Plan because he wanted to, but because he felt that he had to in order to save his job. Such a contract will and ought to be broken so soon as the intimidated party to it receives the power to break it. The law no more recognizes the right of a man to be intimidated to sign away his rights than it recognizes the right of a man to sign away his life. Such a public policy would destroy the stability and security of property. Nor does the law recognize the right of a man to commit suicide, or to commit arson and burn down his house within an organized community, or to testify against himself. As a public agent, his acts must be regulated by the public's interests.

The contract claimed by the Company under the Plan was made by the Company with itself, which cannot hold under the law. A man cannot make a contract with himself, for such a contract would not constitute the required meetings of minds, but only the action of one mind. It would have no meaning or force in a court of law.

It is not difficult for any one to see that the Plan and its representatives are mere dummies set up by the Company to deceive the porters and delude the public. It is just like a little boy sitting on the knees of a ventriloquist. His mouth flies open and his head goes up and down making him appear to be speaking, but he is not speaking. The voice comes from the man upon whose knee the little boy sits. As the man pulls the string, the little boy's mouth flies open and his head goes up and down and a voice is heard. So it is with the representatives and welfare workers under the Plan. When the Pullman Company pulls the string, their mouths fly open and their heads go up and down, a voice is heard screaming to the porters to "let well enough alone," that they ought to be glad they are living, that they ought to apologize for being on the earth when they see a Pullman official coming, that they are getting all the wages they need, that they have bought too many radios, pianos, automobiles, not Fords either, too many fine clothes for their wives, anyhow. This is the voice of Jacob, but the hand of Esau.

In the preliminary hearings, it was obvious that the Company had no case. After these hearings, Mr. Morrow reported his findings to the Mediation Board, in the whole, and the case was filed as an I. C. case, that is, a case for further investigation.

On May 4th, 1927, Mr. Morrow and the Board's Statistician, W. C. Mitchell, came into the office of the Brotherhood in New York and spent four days investigating and examining the records, documents and finances of the Brotherhood.

A favorable report was made by the Board's Statistician on the Brotherhod. He reported that the records of the Brotherhood were some of the best he had ever had the privilege of examining. The Mediation Board determined that the Brotherhood was a bona-fide union and represented a majority of the porters and maids in the service.

On the 2d of July, the Universal News Service sent out a news release stating that the United States Mediation Board had turned down the porters' wage plea. This, of course, was false because the Board did not have that right. It was a deliberate lie engineered by the Company to injure the Brotherhood. The Brotherhood nailed this lie before it got cold and made the Universal News Service retract and the white papers which carried it.

On the 11th of July, a week following this slander against the Brotherhood, the United States Mediation Board started hearings on the case of the porters in the Congress Hotel, in Chicago. There the Company restated the same position it attempted to maintain in the preliminary hearings. The hearings lasted some four or five weeks. The Company would have prolonged them were it not for the fact that the representatives of the Brotherhood, M. P. Webster, Organizer of Chicago Division and the writer, insisted that Mr. Morrow inform the Company that since mediation had failed it must take some definite position on arbitration, forthwith.

Thereupon Mr. Morrow dispatched letters to the Pullman Company and the Brotherhood enquiring as to their wishes on the question of arbitration, urging and recommending that each party to the dispute arbitrate the case.

Needless to say, since the Brotherhood had forced the issue on arbitration, its representatives answered Mr. Morrow's letter the same day they received it. The Pullman Company informed Mr. Morrow that they wanted twenty-four hours in which to answer. At the end of the second twenty-four hours, the Company replied there was nothing to arbitrate, that they had a contract with their employees from which they could not depart. Here they were referring to the bogus contract which the Company had negotiated with itself or the Company Union, which is the same thing.

What is the significance of this? Just this. The counterfeit contract which two of the most prominent delegates to the last Company Union wage conference, Messrs. Bennie Smith of Omaha and Edwards of St. Louis, refused to sign, was used as a smoke screen to conceal the Company's insolent defiance of the Railway Labor Act by flatly refusing to arbitrate the dispute.

In an effort to evade and confuse the issue, Mr. L. S. Hungerford, Vice-President and General Manager of the Pullman Company, contended that there was no dispute. But, on the contrary, the United States Mediation Board said there was a dispute. Mr. Hungerford also said the porters didn't want any organization as shown by the fact that they tried to organize two or three times before and failed, as though this was any good reason why porters did not want to organize now. The Brotherhood representatives answered that that was no reason why the porters did not want organization now. Mr. Hungerford also contended that the porters wanted the Plan because they voted for it. Whereupon Mr. Morrow replied, "All right, Mr. Hungerford, if you think your position is correct, that your statements about the porters' wishes are true, why not present them to a board of arbitration. The United States Mediation Board will see to it that you get an honest, fair and responsible board which will confirm your position if you are right, and it will set you right if you are wrong." This was certainly a fair proposition, but the Company refected it. Why?

There are several reasons. The Company knew that its case could not bear examination, that the Brotherhood surely would win and that several millions of dollars would be added to the payroll for the porters, that its notori-

ously unfair dealings with the porters would be exposed to the public.

The Company also felt that if it refused to arbitrate such action would demoralize the Union and shoot it to pieces, that the porters would throw up their hands in despair and refuse to go further. But, of course, the Company was wrong again.

In refusing to arbitrate the dispute, the Company was in the same position of a man with a phoney diamond. When he offered it for sale as a genuine diamond and the prospective buyer said that he wouldn't buy it until it was submitted to lapidary, an expert on stones, the seller said, "Oh no, if you won't buy it until I submit it to an expert on stones to determine whether it is a genuine diamond as I say it is, then I won't sell it"; or like the violinist who claimed that he was the finest violinist in the world, but when requested to play, refused, proving that his playing would stand anything but being heard; or a painter whose picture would stand anything but being seen. So the Pullman Company's alleged contract, its statements and claims about the wishes of the porters, will stand anything but being examined.

Thus, in order to avoid exposing the weakness of its case, the Company said there is no dispute, like the African ostrich which buries its head in the sand and assumes there is no storm. But the Company's very denial that there is a dispute is a definite and clear admission that there is a dispute, for there is no occasion for the Company to deny that which has been affirmed by the Brotherhood unless there is a dispute. The Company nor the Brotherhood, where there is no dispute, would have a reason for denying or affirming anything presented by each other. When the affirmation of something provokes a denial, it presupposes, implies and indicates the existence of a dispute about a thing or person which has been the occasion of a difference of opinion, in other words, the existence of a dispute. For instance, the Brotherhood contended that it represented the porters and maids because it had a majority of the porters and maids as members. The Pullman Company denied it and affirmed that the Employees Representation Plan represented the men. Here you have affirmation and refutation, about what; the right of representation, which constitutes what; a dispute.

In reference to the right of the Plan to represent the men the Brotherhood's representatives pointed out that no porters had called on Mr. Morrow representing the Plan in reference to the Plan's right to represent the men. The Brotherhood's representatives told Mr. Morrow that he, Mr. Morrow, had talked to Mr. Hungerford, Vice-President and General Manager of the Pullman Company only on the question, and that Mr. Hungerford claimed that the porters wanted the Plan, but denied that the Company was the Plan or spoke for the Plan, although the Plan was not speaking. Mr. Morrow admitted that this was true. It was obvious that Mr. Hungerford spoke for both the Company and the Plan. But when pressed Mr. Hungerford denied that the Company was the Plan or that it controlled the Plan. No wonder the Company refused arbitration, because it knew that it could not play ventriloquist on the Brotherhood and impersonate the Plan and the Company at the same time. Of course, Mr. Hungerford could not afford to admit that he spoke for the Plan since he had already claimed that the porters had organized under the Plan and are naturally supposed to speak for themselves.

Although the Pulman Company refused to arbitrate, the Brotherhood and public opinion will force it to capitulate. Isn't it strange that the big, powerful Pullman Company was afraid to meet the Brotherhood, just two years old, in arbitration, to write a contract? White men, as a rule, are eager to get a group of Negroes in a room to write an agreement. That's how designing white capitalists have robbed them of hundreds of millions of dollars in property. They, the white men, have been able to inveigle Negroes into signing anything. The white men knew that the Negroes did not know what it was all about. But the Pullman Company took a different attitude toward the Brotherhood. The Company was afraid to meet the Brotherhood in conference or arbitration, realizing that the Brotherhood did know what it was all about. The Company didn't have sufficient faith in its brains and ability to trick the Brotherhood into writing an agreement for the benefit of the Company only. It's interesting to note that the Company is forever holding bogus wage conferences under the Plan composed of its hand-picked Uncle Toms who are conveniently juggled and manipulated at will to suit the Company's purposes. The Company Union delegates to wage conferences neither have the knowledge or the freedom and power necessary to write a sound and sensible contract. That is why the Company will hold conferences with them.

The Brotherhood won a victory when it forced the Company to take a position on arbitration. Although the Company agreed to the Watson-Parker Bill which planned that arbitration should automatically follow mediation in the event that mediation failed, it balked when the porters raised the question of arbitration. For when it agreed to arbitration in the Railway Labor Act, doubtless the Company never dreamed that some day that same ghost of arbitration would plague it in the form of a bona fide porters union demanding arbitration. By every principle, strategy and precedent of labor organization in the transportation industry, the fight between the Brotherhood and the Pullman Company should have ended when the case reached arbitration. Such has been the case with other railroad unions and carriers under the Railway Labor Act. But the Pullman Company violated the spirit and intent of the Act by attempting to hide behind a technicality; namely, its right to refuse to arbitrate, although it is now arbitrating the case with its Pullman conductors who are white. This is rank and indefensible discrimination.

The Brotherhood's program now is to create an emergency which will require the United States Mediation Board to recommend to the President of the United States that he appoint an Emergency Board to inquire into this whole dispute between the Brotherhood and the Pullman Company. Under the Railway Labor Act there are three stages through which a dispute between the employees and the carrier may go: one, mediation; two, arbitration; three, the Emergency Board. When a dispute is not settled by the first two stages then said dispute may be investigated by an Emergency Board if it has assumed the aspect of an emergency or a threat of interrupting interstate commerce. The law provides that the Emergency Board shall inquire into the dispute for thirty days and then report its findings, which are calculated to remove the emergency and prevent a probable interruption of interstate commerce.

Another angle of action the Brotherhood is adopting is the presentation of its case to the Interstate Commerce Commission, with a view to securing an investigation of the rates of the

(*Continued on page 360*)

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(Photograph taken August, 1927, when Dr. Ward was 101 years old.)

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF SLEEPING CAR PORTERS

ACTIVITIES OF THE MONTH

CHICAGO DISTRICT

M. P. WEBSTER, *Organizer*
GEORGE CLARK, *Secretary-Treasurer*
Headquarters: 224 East Pershing Road

Members of the Chicago Division received a very pleasant surprise on Monday, October 24th, when our efficient local secretary-treasurer, Geo. W. Clark, announced that he had been united in the holy bonds of matrimony to Miss Mae Prasley of Kansas City, Missouri. All the boys joined in wishing Mr. and Mrs. George W. Clark much happiness. Preparations are being made to extend the felicitations of the organization to them in a more definite manner.

* * *

The Ladies' Auxiliary met Sunday afternoon, October 9th, and completed their plans for reorganizing. On Thursday, October 13th, a new set of officers were elected and plans mapped out for a more vigorous and comprehensive prosecution of the work.

As the first step in their new program they gave their first monthly entertainment on Saturday, October 22nd, at the Barrett Music School, where some two hundred Brotherhood members and wives passed a very enjoyable evening. The new officers were installed and a short talk made by the local organizer on the obligation of the men and women to the organization. Indications are that the Chicago branch of the Colored Women's Economic Council will soon work up the same spirit as now exists among the men.

* * *

The yard committees in Chicago are getting excellent results, particularly from the standpoint of getting the members to attend the meetings. Every night the headquarters are crowded and the spirit in Chicago is very high.

* * *

On Wednesday evening, October 26th, the local organizer was invited to meet with the only lodge of Colored Car Cleaners in Chicago. It is known as the Booker T. Washington Lodge of car men's organization, composed of men who work in the B&O yards. They have an agreement with the B&O Railroad and are making some good progress. They were very pleased to learn of the work of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and they offered their assistance in furthering the Brotherhood's cause.

* * *

Very little intimidation was perpetrated on Chicago men when the election opened up here but as the election progressed from day to day more drastic methods were used. The superintendent would advise the men that it was not compulsory to vote but he thought they had better vote, and in cases where men did not vote they were called into the office on some charge that was preferred against them from a year to five years previous and of course all the time the superintendent was speaking of the charges he would occasionally allude to the voting and the employee plan of representation.

* * *

There has not been a club organized in Chicago to combat the Brotherhood yet, but statements are being circulated by the "Stools" to be signed by the men. So far four names have appeared on this list, all of whom were known as weak brothers.

* * *

Brother Randolph arrived here from St. Paul on Friday, the 28th, and reports a very successful trip. Plans for the Mass Meeting in Chicago are completed and a record-breaking crowd is expected.

* * *

Chicago men send greetings to the Brotherhood throughout the country and pledge themselves to fight to the finish.

Subscribe for THE MESSENGER ($1 a year) and get all the news of The Brotherhood.

THE BIG CHICAGO RALLY

Two thousand citizens of all walks of life gathered at the Metropolitan Community Church, 4100 South Parkway, Chicago, Illinois, Sunday afternoon, October 30, 1927, at the second annual Workers Rally and Mass Meeting, held by the Chicago Division of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters. Doctors, lawyers, ministers, business men, prominent members of fraternal circles, post office clerks, officials of white labor unions made up the large audience. Metropolitan Prize Winning Radio Choir, J. Wesley Jones, Conductor, sang as the opening chorus the Negro National Anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Sing." The invocation was offered by Dr. W. D. Cook, pastor of the church.

The Local Division Organizer, M. P. Webster, who was chairman of the meeting, gave a brief history of the organization and its growth, aims and purposes; emphasizing the fact that the Brotherhood was organized by six regularly working Pullman porters and not by any one individual as the adversaries of the movement would have the public believe and that it was an organization, of, by and for Pullman porters. Also stating that the purpose of the meeting was to convey to the Chicago public some facts about the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and the pertinence of its work to the economic progress of the Negro worker. It was also brought out in his talk that the movement had been grossly misrepresented by the false and misleading reports that had been circulated through the Chicago Negro newspapers. And that the public had been invited to attend this meeting with a view of giving them the truth and soliciting their cooperation and support.

Mrs. Irene Goins, past president of the City and State Federation of Colored Women's Clubs and a trustee of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs, made a short talk giving the details and the reasons which caused the convention of the National Federation to unqualifiedly endorse the Brotherhood; assuring the people that the Federation of Colored Women's Clubs would always back up any organization that was worthy.

Attorney C. Frances Stradford, President for the last two years of the Cook County Bar Association, delivered a very scholarly address. He urged the Negro to organize to protect his economic interests, if he would keep up with the times. Citing the fact that we were living in a new age where organization was the order of the day and that we could not expect to keep pace with the modern civilization unless we adopted modern methods.

He severely criticized the Chicago Newspapers for their attitude toward the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, stating that some of our prominent newspapers, particularly here in Chicago, have undertaken to wage the Porters against spending their money in trying to better their conditions and yet these same editors, who feign such an interest in the public, can look complacently on and see the residents of this community robbed of thousands of dollars every day by these policy wheels, without making a sincere effort to put an end to that outrageous and damnable practice. He also laid emphasis on the fact that it was not sound argument for Negroes to refuse to organize labor unions simply because some white unions did not admit them freely stating that it was just as logical to refuse to organize a church or business enterprise, because white people in the same line discriminated. He also quoted Chief Justice Taft's statement favoring the right of workmen to strike and the right to use peaceful persuasion in inducing other workers to do so.

His address was very well received and met with vociferous applause.

Miss Mary McDowell, of the University Settlement and a woman of National reputation, also made a short talk urging Negroes to organize for the purpose of collective bargaining and of writing their own economic contracts.

Mr. A. Philip Randolph, General Organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, was introduced as a new type of Negro Leadership, brought forth by the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and as an outstanding proof that Negroes *could* produce leadership that was *unpurchasable*.

The audience arose as a body and joined with the choir in singing America, after the General Organizer was introduced.

Mr. Randolph covered in detail the history of the movement from a few bold porters in 1925 to some 7,000 Pullman Porters and Maids in 1927. He gave detailed information on the case of the Brotherhood before the United States Railway Labor Board which ended in the refusal of the Pullman Company to submit the controversy to arbitration. And he gave a careful synopsis of the conditions which the porters work, including the long hours they are required to put in and the large number of miles they must work before overtime is paid at the rate of 18c. per hour as well as the various methods adopted by the Company in opposing the Brotherhood, such as the Pullman Porters' Benefit Association, The Pullman News, The Welfare Workers, Fixing Numbers on the Porters Sleeves, the Pension System, the Sale of Stock to Porters and all of the various schemes adopted by the Company, referring to them as a Trojan Horse.

He called attention to the different view taken by the White and Negro Press of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, stating that the Chicago Tribune, the Post and all other white papers in Chicago carried articles about the movement but that the Negro Press did not carry anything favorable about this movement, because the Negro press was corrupt.

Mr. Randolph also stated that the case of the Brotherhood would be carried to the Emergency Board as provided under the Railway Labor Act, if necessary. He went into the matter of the case filed by the Brotherhood with the Interstate Commerce Commission, stating that the Brotherhood's contention was, that it was a violation of the Interstate Commerce Act for the passenger to pay a portion of the Porter's salary and also a violation, in as much as service rendered the larger tippers was discriminatory against those who gave a smaller tip or did not tip at all. He also stated that the character of service rendered by the porters and its pertinence to the transportation industry of the country warranted the porter being paid a living wage and being independent of the uncertainty of the tip.

The Pullman's Colored Official Staff was present, including Mr. Botts, lately of Portland, Oregon, and Self Styled Editor, and now of the P. P. B. A., occupied a front seat and visibly smarted under the severe criticism directed at the Stool Pigeons by the speakers.

Many labor leaders were present and were visibly amused when a letter was read that had been written on the pamphlet headlined "The International Railway Men's Benevolent Industrial Association" and signed by R. L. Mays, styled as Labor Counsel, advising the Pullman Porters to adopt "The Plan" as machinery for adjusting the disputes.

The most outstanding figure of the meeting was Dr. W. D. Cook, who, at the conclusion of the meeting made a stirring appeal to the people to support the Brotherhood and Negro Leadership of the type of Mr. A. Philip Randolph, pledging his church to the cause of the people and offering the church at any time for meetings of this kind.

Some mysterious power made a desperate effort to influence the Metropolitan Church People not to let the meeting be held in their church, but without avail. Dr. Cook has been an ardent supporter of the Brotherhood since its beginning in Chicago and in the early stages of the movement, when Big Negroes in Chicago were running away from it, he stood solidly behind it. So the mysterious power did not get very far.

This successful meeting held under the auspices of the Brotherhood indicates many interesting things. It was a representative Chicago audience that displayed a keen interest in all of the tales and every one stayed until the last word was spoken. The contributions were unusually large.

The fact that a meeting of this sort was successfully held in Chicago without any co-operation from the so-called Big Negroes, with absolutely no support from the Chicago Negro Press and in spite of the floods of criticism and false reports that have been circulated against it, by the local South Side Press, plainly demonstrates that the Negro worker is thinking and that the "Negro Editor" and "Leader" whose opinion is so easily "influenced," is doomed to be side-tracked and driven into obscurity, by this new type of organized Negro Worker.

The Metropolitan Prize Winning Radio Choir, Professor J. Wesley Jones, Director, distinguished itself as among the best.

Subscribe to THE MESSENGER—only $1 a year.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT

E. J. BRADLEY, *Organizer, Secretary and Treasurer*
Room 208, Peoples Building

St. Louis has begun to become reconciled since the Tornado. Many of our members whose homes were totally or partially destroyed have already been rebuilt. The splendid service rendered our group by the Red Cross was very commendable indeed. It will yet take several weeks or more to get their homes reconstructed and refurnished in a liveable condition. The Brotherhood suffered its share of the losses from the Tornado, due to so many of its members losing their homes and personal property as very few carried insurance on furniture, clothing, etc. However, the spirit of the Brotherhood among the loyal members is 100%.

St. Louis has more "Stool-pigeons" to the square inch than any one district in the Pullman system. I am informed on good authority that a "Stool-pigeon" is placed on each train running out of St. Louis, and intrusted to keep the office force informed of who talks Unionism on the train, that the management may take steps to get rid of all supposed Union members through some malicious, fictitious accusation.

The St. Louis office of the Pullman Company has become so desperate in their effort to kill the Brotherhood that *they have pulled off two men about the union, who do not belong to the Brotherhood, and whom the Brotherhood knows nothing of at all!*

The citizen's committee, composed practically of professional men and women, are doing splendid work in assisting the Brotherhood in various ways; and, Organizer Bradley is more than appreciative of their splendid cooperative spirit and determination to do all in their power to assist in putting the Brotherhood over the top.

It is rather peculiar that Pullman officials, Negro editors, and Uncle Toms are so forgetful; if they will just go back to 1914, they will remember that the Hon. Frank P. Walsh, who was practicing law in Kansas City, did invoke the services of the Interstate Commerce Commission to bring about an adjustment of wages for the Pullman Porters, and said Interstate Commerce Commission did go into session

at Chicago and called the Pullman Company in session, to answer the charges filed by the Hon. Frank P. Walsh.

The Pullman Company took something like twenty or more witnesses before the Commission, who were hand-picked old warriors, who testified that they were perfectly satisfied with their wages, as they were realizing from one hundred fifty dollars ($150.00) to one hundred seventy-five dollars ($175.00) a month. Not one of them would verify the statement of Hon. Frank P. Walsh, therefore; causing the Commission to dismiss the case on the grounds of lack of evidence to back up Mr. Walsh's accusation.

We had no Brotherhood at the time, no real Red-blooded He-men to place upon the witness stand in the Brotherhood's behalf. Today we have both a strong organization and about 8,000 or more real Red-blooded He-men of the new Negro type, who are waiting and willing to take the stand before any Federal tribunal, and tell the truth without fear as to the present status of the Pullman Porters and their desire of having same eliminated by such machinery as has been set up by our Federal Government for labor organizations.

All Brotherhood men can rest assured that when their case is taken up by the Interstate Commerce Commission it will be altogether different from the manner in which our case was handled in 1914. The only thing the members have to do now is pay their dues and assessments, read THE MESSENGER, to keep posted on activities; follow the advise of their leaders and they can not lose.

The leaders have pledged that if the members comply with the foregoing instructions Victory is certain.

THE MESSENGER only costs $1 a year, ten cents a copy. Subscribers will be given a life-size photograph of A. Philip Randolph.

NEW ORLEANS DISTRICT

MRS. ONEIDA M. BROWN

Room 303, Pythian Temple

The New Orleans District of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters is getting down to real work. The recent flood affected the men very much on account of the discontinuing of trains and the various changes which were necessary in order to meet the conditions. Now that their runs are regular, the men are able to move with greater freedom and they come in contact with each other in a more regular way, which gives them a better opportunity to boost the membership and encourage men in every way that has to do with an effective organization.

Our men, who have the advantage of running to New York and Los Angeles and other points east and west, are untiring in their effort to acquaint the men who have short runs with the wonderful work being done by the leaders of the Brotherhood and to impress upon them that we are waging a winning battle. As a result, we are adding new members and reinstating delinquents daily and the prospect of doing considerable work to promote the interests of the Brotherhood in our district is very, very bright indeed. With the whole-hearted zeal and manly efforts manifested by a number of our very staunch members it will not be long before the New Orleans District will be one of the strongest supporters of the Brotherhood, both numerically and financially.

OMAHA (NEBRASKA) DISTRICT

BENNIE SMITH, Local Secretary-Treasurer
2522 Patrick Avenue

I feel like saying "I told you so"; if you deal them yourself, shuffle them yourself, cut them yourself, one surely gets a pretty good haul. So it was with W. R. Estell, chief of the stool pigeon force of the Omaha District. More than 20% non-union, he (Estell) received 72% of the total vote cast, according to his count, and was elected delegate and chairman, again succeeding himself. The above refers to the P. P. B. A. of A. The same will prove true in the Employee Plan of Representation election.

On Wednesday, October 26th, a number of men were called to the office. Upon arrival they were told that a meeting was being held for the best porters, the chief stool presiding. They were asked to sign a petition with the threat that if they did not sign, and for others who would not sign, the penalty would be dismissal from service. About thirteen men attended the meeting. In most every case since the meeting the men are refusing to sign.

The men have expressed much dissatisfaction of the attitude the Company has taken in an effort to make them sign away their rights.

C. Carey, porter, operating over the Burlington between Omaha and Denver who has made a loan from the P. P. B. A. of A. is meeting all trains at night up until 2 A. M. for the sum of $2.50 per day in addition to his regular salary to hold his fellow workers in slavery. The money borrowed from the Pullman Company is the money of his fellow workers.

Andy Stewart, who has drawn more benefits from the P. P. B. A. each year than he pays in the association in any three, who operates between Kansas City and Omaha and who is unable to man a car, has to pay to have his car put away because of his physical inability to perform the duties of a porter. It is that class of defects in body or mind that is working day and night using all kinds of intimidations to get the men to sign away their rights. The few remaining holdouts less than 20 in number have seen the light and are coming in one and two each week.

BY THE C. W. E. C.

Omaha Local of the C. W. E. C. of America under the guidance of our strong, efficient and untiring field organizer of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters in person of Mr. Bennie Smith who has laboured without ceasing is making a remarkable advancement for the organization.

The membership is becoming larger each week. Each member felt it her utmost duty to make it pleasant for the General Organizer and his Assistant during their visit to the city. The inclement weather retarded the attendance of the last meeting somewhat. We are standing steadfastly overwhelmed with the spirit, fighting for economic efficiency.

At the regular meeting of W. E. C. Thursday of this week each attendant proved to be a two fisted fighter, the spirit displayed was that it takes two live dogs to start a fight and one dead dog to end it, so we are in the fight to finish.

ST. PAUL (MINNESOTA) DISTRICT

PAUL CALDWELL, *Local Sec'y-Treas.*
632 N. Dale Street.

We have two reasons this month for bubbling over with enthusiasm and one for exhibiting a sense of pride.

First we have succeeded in moving into our own headquarters, and have a place to meet and entertain our foreign brothers, and become more intimate with one another. This will serve as an announcement that we are located at 362 N. Dale Street, St. Paul, and our telephone number is Elkhurst 4739.

Second that we have entertained, with success, our General Organizer, A. Philip Randolph and assistant general organizer, Ashley L. Totten, and they left us singing the praises of the beautiful spirit among the men and women of our district.

Our cause is much stronger publicly in our section than ever before, and memberships have begun a steady stream and we know now that nothing can prevent our attaining the goal of a hundred per cent.

Our pride is swelling in the fact that dues and assessments are coming in fast, and we are the possessors of the special information that was given us by our leaders. THE MESSENGER subscriptions are coming in fast and THE MESSENGER is now on sale at headquarters at all times.

WASHINGTON (D. C.), DISTRICT

P. A. ANTHONY, *Local Sec'y-Treas.*
652 L Street, N. E.

This is just a line to let you know the condition of the Brotherhood men here. Most of them feel as though they have been driven back into slavery through the Company's methods, which started here on the 17th day of October, 1927, by calling a meeting for twenty men, and forcing them to draw up a resolution, under the name of Pullman Porters' Club of Washington, headed by Brother W. S. Anderson as chairman. This was forced upon him. The Company's resolution was passed to Brother A. Kyles to read, then the Company stool pigeons began to work, forcing Anderson to head the list with his name, as the main whip to brow beat the rest of the men in line by force or by firing them. They used my name as an example to show the rest what they are going to do if they do not sign. It has thrown a lot of fear in this district, but I think I can suppress the condition here although it will take a little time and patience. "Forward to victory! Victory is sure to come!"

JACKSONVILLE (FLA.) DISTRICT

JOHN W. DARBY, *Local Sec'y-Treas.*
2029 Davis Street.

To the surprise of all, the Pullman Company has put out a circular it calls the loyalty to the Pullman Company. I am told that they are compelling the men to sign these papers just as they did on the Plan election. Never before has the Pullman Company nursed the ballot box as this time and compelled every one to cast his vote. Some of the officials are there every hour in the day to see that all vote, and those that fail to vote are instructed to report to the office of the superintendent. Now they have a different trap to catch the men and they are compelled to vote for the Company. My men, those that are loyal, are doing their bit to bring about better results, although the conditions are very bad now and have been all summer. We hope for a change soon. The odds are against us here in Florida, but the real men say "let's fight to the end."

OAKLAND (CALIF.) DISTRICT

"DAD" MOORE, *Organizer*
519 Wood Street.

Owing to the fact that he is suffering from a broken rib, the organizer has been considerably hampered in his activities. He reports, however, that the men of The Brotherhood in the Oakland District are in good spirit. While the Company is compelling them to vote, the boys are signing the cards the Brotherhood has sent out in which they are testifying to the fact that they are being made to vote for the Company Union against their will, and they are sending them in promptly. On the 15th of October the District had a grand ball which was a social and financial success. While the district has slacked up a little, Mr. Jones declares that he's going to put it back in first place because he's the same old fighting "Dad" Moore.

SALT LAKE CITY (UTAH), DISTRICT

W. F. BURGESS

Porters are all getting on their winter runs out of this district and all is going well. Salt Lake City is a very small district but it has probably the largest percentage of membership in the Brotherhood of any district in the country. The men are paying their dues, keeping their mouths shut to bewilder the stool pigeons, and reposing full confidence in The Brotherhood to represent them.

Every Pullman porter ought to subscribe to THE MESSENGER. It costs only $1 a year.

NEW YORK DISTRICT

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
2311 Seventh Avenue

The response of the men in this district to the appeal of the Brotherhood for support in the later phases of the struggle against Pullman tyranny, has been most gratifying. In answer to the contentions of The Pullman Company before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters filed a masterly brief prepared by Henry T. Hunt, former Mayor of Cincinnati, O., which it will be very difficult for the Pullman Barons to get around. The entire case will soon be argued in Washington by eminent legal authorities on both sides, and it is confidently believed that the Brotherhood has such an ironclad case that victory is certain.

(*Continued on page 360*)

PULLMAN PORTERS ATTENTION!

Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters
Emergency and Welfare
Fund Campaign

By this time you have received your gift book in connection with our Campaign. We are counting upon your fullest support to make our drive a big success. Our many friends will help.

Start your book today and when you have finished, there is a beautiful and useful gift waiting for you at our Special Gift Campaign Headquarters. Members outside of New York will get their articles by express, all charges paid, satisfaction guaranteed.

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BROTHERHOOD ACTIVITIES

(*Continued from page 359*)

Assistant General Organizer Des Verney is still covering the Virginia territory effectively for the Brotherhood. His efforts have been crowned with unlooked for success.

A. Philip Randolph, the General Organizer, arrived home October 31st from a very extensive national tour. He visited all of the districts, spoke to immense audiences of white and blacks everywhere, and gained for the Brotherhood new dignity, support and initiative. He denounced the Uncle Tom attitude of the Chicago Defender (Surrender) so effectively that already the Defender crowd is crying for mercy.

The big annual ball of The Brotherhood will be held on December 9th at the Manhattan Casino, 8th Avenue and 155th Street. Last year's ball was a social and financial success; this year we hope to go over even bigger.

There are numbers of members in the New York District who have not subscribed for THE MESSENGER. It should be read by every porter and maid. Aside from the authentic Brotherhood news, it is a journal of fine literary quality. It only costs $1 a year.

HELPING HARLEM'S HEALTH

Five years ago a small group of residents of Harlem, physicians, and welfare workers who were interested in the health of their community suggested to the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association that it form a Harlem Committee. So from this small beginning, the Committee originated and a program of health activities was begun.

Today the work reaches directly 30,000 persons every year. Thousands more are reached indirectly through members of their families, or by the press or in some other fashion.

When the Committee was formed, there was one member of the staff. She had a desk in an office shared with another agency, and with this small equipment carried on the Committee's initial work. Now the Committee has two large offices on the third floor of 202 West 136th Street. The staff includes four full-time workers, twelve local dentists who volunteer some time each week to the dental clinic operated at the offices and several physicians of the community who volunteer time regularly to help carry on the work.

The Information Service, available to all persons of the community without charge, helps more than 1,500 people with their health problems every year. Nearly 1,100 children whose parents cannot afford to pay private dentists' fees receive treatment for nominal sums at the dental clinic. Health examinations are arranged for children at

(*Continued on page 362*)

BROTHERHOOD VICTORY

(*Continued from page 357*)

Pullman Company in relation to wages and working conditions. The Brotherhood's petition was answered by the Company and the answer of the Company has, in turn, been answered by the Brotherhood. The Company contended that the Interstate Commerce Commission has no jurisdiction since the Brotherhood seeks to raise wages, and that another arm of the Government, the Railway Labor Act, has been set up to handle such matters. Here the Company is in a dilemma because the Company seeks to hide behind the very Railway Labor Act which it notoriously defied and refused to abide by when it took the position of not accepting arbitration urged and recommended upon it by Mr. Edwin P. Morrow of the United States Mediation Board.

The Company is in utter confusion and uncertainty. At one time it defies the law and, when pressed to cover, seeks to hide behind that very law in order to avoid investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Of course, the Pullman Company's answer is as unsound as it is insincere. The Brotherhood's answer has cut the ground from under the Company and exposed it naked to the public.

The Company is now conducting elections under the Employee Representation Plan. It is compelling the porters to vote in order to be able to say that the porters have voted for the Plan, the Company Union. It is threatening to pull porters off their line and even to fire them if they refuse to swallow the Plan with hook, line and sinker. It is also compelling porters to sign a petition under threat of firing them, to the effect that they, the porters, renounce the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and remain loyal to the Plan. A large number of the porters are refusing to sign these petitions and those who have signed are signing affidavits to the effect that they signed under intimidation and coercion to protect their jobs, but that they want the Brotherhod to represent them in the making of agreements on wages, rules and working conditions with the Pullman Company.

Despite the unlawful intimidation being practiced by the Company upon the porters in order to compel them, the porters, to act against their own interests, the porters are standing firm; they are paying their dues and assessments and in meetings from Coast to Coast have resolutely signified their intention to go to the limit with their fight to secure a living wage, better working conditions and manhood rights. The public has shown by the unanimous favorable reporting of the porters' case filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission in the Nation's press, dailies and weeklies, that it is on the side of the porters, for $72 a month in wages and 400 hours in work, under obviously unfair working conditions, and the dependence of porters, whose labor earned for the company over $20,000,000 in net profit in 1926, upon professional begging in the form of receiving tips for a living, would not be countenanced by an enlightened public.

VINCENTE GUERRERO

(*Continued from page 348*)

which, it was clear, they did not intend doing without a struggle. It would be interesting to know, however, just how large a part the decree by this Negro president played in the presence of Texas in the American Union today, for the revolt of Texas from the Mexican republic was clearly inspired by the fact that the temper of the Mexican masses was against slavery, and that sooner or later, the slaveholders would have to submit to the decree of President Guerrero. This revolt, however, did not take place until years later.

Along with Guerrero, had been named as vice-president, Antonio Bustamente, one of his generals. The capitalist party, ever restless under Guerrero, now sought the leadership of Bustamente, who thirsted for supreme power. At this time, also, the Spanish Emperor, Ferdinand, sent a powerful expedition in the hope of recovering his lost kingdom. Guerrero at once put Santa Anna in command of forces that defeated the Spaniards, but in the face of the common danger Bustamente succeeded in manoeuvring himself into power, and Guerrero was forced to flee to Acapulco. Taking up arms he was opposed by his old enemy, Bravo, and beaten.

Guerrero, however, was still very strong, and was preparing a large force to attack his old enemies, when he was enticed on board an Italian warship, captured by treachery, and executed after a mock trial.

Though little spoken of he was one of the greatest of that crop of liberators which sprang up all over the New World. As Rives says of him:

"Even in the darkest days of the long revolution he was the leader of a little unconquered body of men, who kept alive the cause of independence in Southern Mexico, and his personal bravery and enthusiasm were unquestioned." He had joined the standard of revolt at eighteen, and remained a defender of the rights of the so-called common people till the end.

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J. A. Rogers for the New York Amsterdam News: "The book shows a tremendous amount of research on the part of Mrs. Houston. The book grips you from the first and makes mighty interesting reading."

Rodger Didier, Critic, Associated Negro Press: "In no other book is there so much of the gold of Negro History. She has attained a hitherto unperformed service."

Cornelius Edwin Walker, white author, lecturer and psychologist: "You prove your contention that civilization came from the black race from the very first. Whoever, in either race, disputes your assertions has some task indeed."

Frank R. Crosswaith, for The MESSENGER: "Mrs. Houston has done what few other Negro authors have had the necessary patience and perserverance to do—viz., to gather from the record written by white men facts to prove that there is no such thing as a white man's civilization. She has delved deep to show that art, music, religion were all permeated in ancient days by Ethiopian influence."

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OWNERSHIP STATEMENT

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of THE MESSENGER, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1927.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roy Lancaster, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of THE MESSENGER, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Messenger Publishing Co., 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. Editor, A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, George S. Schuyler, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Roy Lancaster, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) The Messenger Publishing Co., 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.; A. Philip Randolph, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.; Chandler Owen, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.; Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York, N. Y.; Victor R. Daly, 161 W. 134th St., New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) A Philip Randolph, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.; Chandler Owen, 2311 Seventh Ave., New York, N. Y.; Robert Godet, 32 W. 136th St., New York, N. Y.; Victor R. Daly, 161 W. 134th St., New York, N. Y.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROY LANCASTER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of September, 1927.

(SEAL) FREDRANA D. WARING,

Notary Public, New York County,

N. Y. Co. Clerk's No. 333, Reg. No. 9041,
My commission expires March 30, 1929.

SO IT GOES

(*Continued from page 347*)

crashed to the floor, smashing into tiny bits. Larry fought with the strength of a madman, but soon the tactics and muscles of the pugilist began to tell. Back, back he was forced, until he was bent over the edge of the piano and sinewy brown fingers imbedded themselves deeper in his throat, gripping his wind pipe and shaking him into senselessness as they bumped his head against the edge of the instrument. Bob had forgotten everything but the desire to kill. The lust for the blood of this weakling who had dared insult him and belittle him, a lust for the blood of this representative of those who made it a disgrace to be a black man. Larry's face become mottled, his eyes bulged and his tongue protruded.

"You're killing him," Thelma shrieked and with the same hands that patted Bob a minute before, she tore at him to save Larry. Bob growled but she persisted and with a swing of his left arm he flung her back in a crumpled heap to the floor, amid the shattered bits of the nymph.

Bob loosed his hold and the breathless body slid to the floor and lay in an awkward position at the foot of the piano. He left the room without looking back.

The next morning, Rotarians and reds, Klansmen and communists, Nordics and Negroes, reveled in this characteristic American news item which never fails to give illicit satisfaction to the morbid instincts of our worthy citizenry:

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Escort Killed by Negro while Slumming, etc.

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EDITORIALS

(*Continued from page 353*)

the Brotherhood on more vital and serious questions. This dishonorable and corrupt practice of journalism may deceive the uninitiated, but it can only arouse and provocate the contempt, derision and disgust of the judicious and intelligent.

THE MESSENGER heartily welcomes *The Aframerican Digest* into the journalistic family. Such a publication, giving briefly and concisely a view of the progress of the race as reflected through current newspapers, books, journals and magazines, was absolutely necessary and fills a long felt need. Nowhere else is it possible to get just this sort of information selected in this manner. Consequently, *The Aframerican Digest* should prove of great value to students, teachers, scholars and that part of the public interested in the progress of the American Negro.

The Aframerican Digest

John W. Baddy, the editor, is a keen and courageous thinker; one who can be trusted to maintain a high journalistic standard, diligently searching out the facts and presenting them without bias.

Don't forget the annual Brotherhood Ball on December 9th, Manhattan Casino, New York City.—EDITOR.

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HARLEM HEALTH

(*Continued from page 360*)

the health examinations clinic. In addition the program includes a nutrition class for children, a yearly institute for physicians on some post graduate subject, and the arranging of lectures, health entertainments and movies for groups in the community.

One of the outstanding features of the entire program has been the co-operation given by residents of the community and the increasing interest shown by them in the work as it progresses.

The Committee works in close cooperation with other health agencies in the district, in an endeavor to use every opportunity to make Harlem as healthy a community as possible. It has an auxiliary of women, known as the Save-A-Life-Club which assists it in carrying out its program. The Jolly Juniors, an auxiliary of young girls, also give some volunteer time to the Committee whenever the need arises.

"Our aim is to build up the health of Harlem by teaching health education and by acting as a service to residents in assisting them with their health problems," said Dr. Henry O. Harding, Chairman of the Committee and a member of the Board of Directors, New York Tuberculosis and Health Association. "Although the death rate from tuberculosis has been reduced considerably since organized preventive health work was begun, it still takes a large toll in human lives at the height of their usefulness. We hope to fight this by teaching people to take care of their general health and thus build up their resistance not only to tuberculosis but also to other diseases."

The Committee is given funds for its support by the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, which in turn receives its main support from the sale of Christmas Seals, conducted yearly from Thanksgiving to Christmas. The Christmas Seal Sale is now on, and the Harlem Committee is making a special effort this year to raise its entire quota in Harlem where its activities are conducted. Help them. It's a most worthy cause.

YOUR BEST PEOPLE

(*Continued from page 344*)

dentally, such ownership of stock with the consequent granting of their claims would spike the "separate theatre argument." Moreover, Negroes could then insist that the newly-acquired playhouse now admittedly to be a Jim Crow venture, which admission many Negroes of "the better class" vociferously resent, be publicly declared

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open to all comers on terms of equality. If in playhouses Negroes controlled financial interests impossible to ignore they would have the leverage they need to open those theatres now closed against them and to discontinue the segregated seating in those where they are already admitted.

In sum, this is the case. There is a widespread custom in America of denying to Negroes seats in theatres where their money and inclination would take them. This custom is rapidly becoming as fixed in the North as the similar law-determined practice of the South. Negroes themselves are advancing the calamity by not only accepting the custom, but by giving the impression that they like it by paying for it. They can put no great financial pressure on offending managements by the boycott, nor can they hope to compete by building separate theatres. But they can arouse public opinion by demanding enforcement of already existing equal-rights laws and by calling for additional legal protection where needed. And they can do this best when they realize their own worth and cease sacrificing their self-respect by attending theatres which stigmatize them. If they could command sufficient financial interest in theatres, they could demand outright what must otherwise come by the slower and more tortuous process of the organized educational campaign and by ceaseless vigilance in the courts and before the bar of public opinion. Negroes everywhere in America should bestir themselves in this one matter not merely for its own sake, but because in it are involved all their rights as set forth by our Constitution.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

gives adequate representation to Aframerican writers and the Aframerican point of view. Not only has it printed the work of such writers of the race as Dr. Kelly Miller, Dr. Rudolph Fisher, Dr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois, James Weldon Johnson and Countee Cullen; it has also printed many sympathetic discussions of race problems by white writers of eminence, notably Dr. Franz Boas, Dr. Melville J. Herskovits, Clarence Darrow, and Dr. Robert H. Lowie. And since its first number it has kept the lead, editorially, in the war upon Ku Kluxery and crackerism.

In its December issue (out November 25), there is a striking article by George S. Schuyler, of the *Messenger* and the Pittsburgh *Courier*, entitled "OUR WHITE FOLKS." In it, for the first time in a general magazine, an Aframerican writer discusses the whites freely and frankly. No other American magazine would have dared to print this article. But it is highly characteristic of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

The December number will appear on all newsstands November 25